

The Grail

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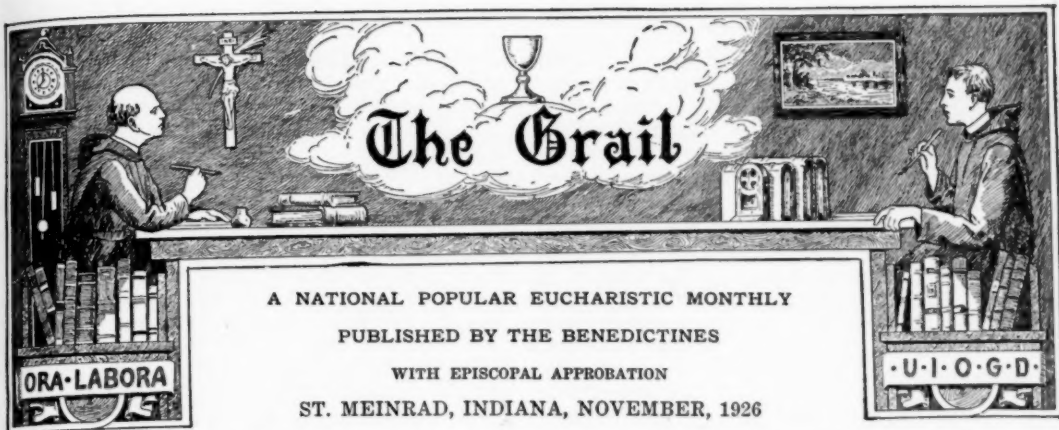
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CHRIST RAISING TO LIFE THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

† Rev. Anton Puntigam, S. J. †

Press notices from Europe report the death of the Rev. Anton Puntigam, S. J., of Vienna, Austria, founder of the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom. The readers of THE GRAIL are requested to pray for the repose of the soul of this zealous apostle who labored much for the union of Christendom.

November Thoughts

The new feast of the Kingship of Christ brings October, the month of the Most Holy Rosary, to a fitting close. November, the month of the Poor Souls, opens auspiciously with All Saints Day, which commemorates that innumerable army of the blessed, who, under the leadership of Christ Our King, has fought the battles of God against Satan and his cohorts. With the shield of an invincible Faith and irresistible courage they have won a complete victory over the enemy of salvation. Crowned now with the laurel of glory, following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, they raise their voices in enchanting song of canticle and hymn to the gentle touch of golden harps that vibrate sweetest harmony throughout the endless realms of heaven. This haven of glory we shall also one day share with the other blessed spirits, for Christ Our King has promised it. He has gone on before, shown us the way, and made provision for the journey.

HEAVEN NO SINECURE

But heaven is dearly bought. From the first moment of the awakening of reason until our eyes close in the sleep of death, our life, as Job says, is a continual warfare. To subdue passions from within and to conquer the many evil influences from without, is no slight task. God's grace would strengthen us and make us valiant soldiers in the battle against sin if we were not wanting in cooperation with His holy grace. But in our weakness we often yield to sin. Then, contrite

of heart, we turn to Him, but only to be unfaithful again. Such is the life of man on earth. As with St. Paul, the evil that we would not do, that we do; and the good that we would do, that we do not. It is because of these infidelities that we shall have to wait long before attaining to eternal glory—

"YET SO AS BY FIRE"

November is dedicated to the memory of our loved ones who have preceded us into eternity, but who have not yet been made partakers of eternal bliss. As nothing that is tainted may enter into the presence of the all-holy God, those, whose sins have been forgiven, may still have long to expiate the punishment due to sin. It is very probable that extremely few have gained sufficient merit in lifetime to escape the cleansing fires of purgatory. But through the mercy of God, by mortifications, prayer, Masses said and heard, indulgences, and other good works, we can help the poor souls to shorten the days of their purgation. The priest is now permitted to offer up three Masses on All Souls Day for the relief of these holy sufferers; the faithful can receive Holy Communion and gain innumerable plenary indulgences for the same laudable purpose. Last month we called the attention of our readers to the great privilege that is theirs of gaining a plenary indulgence for each visit that they make to the church from noon on All Saints to midnight of All Souls. Besides the reception of the sacraments, prayer for the intentions of the Holy Father is required at each visit. — Let your November be one of good works and much prayer for these poor souls that look to us for aid. They are helpless in their present state, although they can help us. Keep ever in mind that God rewards even the cup of cold water that is given in His name.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

The Church triumphant (in heaven), the Church suffering (in purgatory), and the Church militant (on earth), form the communion of saints. As reference

has been made in the preceding paragraphs to the saints in glory and the sainted souls in purgatory, it remains that a word be said about the reunion of Christendom, that all men may once belong to the Church triumphant. The salvation of mankind was the object of Christ's mission on earth. It was His fervent prayer "that they all may be one as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee."

Every Catholic should have the interests of the Savior at heart and should, as far as in him lies, do what he can to help make the world one for Christ: he should be zealous for the spread of the Faith; he can, and should, be a missionary in his own sphere. Good example has a more powerful appeal than argument; all can offer prayer for the conversion of their fellow men; all can instruct, if not by word of mouth at least by the spreading of Catholic literature: Catholic papers, magazines, leaflets and booklets that explain Catholic doctrine. The reading of such literature is constantly putting non-Catholics on the road that leads to the Church; many a one owes his conversion, next to the grace of God, just to such literature that he chanced to read. Join the good literature apostolate.

The Church has blessed various good works and societies that have as their direct object union with the Church. Among these societies and confraternities is the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom. The threefold purpose of the League is (1) union and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world; (2) the return to the Church of our separated brethren; (3) the conversion to the Faith of all non-Christians. The means offered by the League to attain this end are (1) a brief daily offering of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world for this intention; (2) The receiving of an occasional Holy Communion; (3) the attending of an occasional Mass for the same intention. The League asks no fees, dues, or collections from you. It wants prayer and good works. Let us add your name to the growing list of members and thus unite our efforts in the endeavor to swell the ranks of the Church triumphant. — A certificate of admission may be had by addressing the editor of THE GRAIL.

Il Poverello

The whole Church is rejoicing with the numerous family of St. Francis who on October 4th celebrated the seventh centenary of the saint's passing from this mortal life to the delights of paradise. Retreats, missions, triduums, pageants were held in honor of the poverello—the little poor man—of Assisi, who was raised up by Divine Providence to guide men back to God on the path of humility.

The spirit of St. Francis did not disappear with the passing of the saint. His was not the task of a moment, a short period of time, but a service that should continue in the Church for all time. For seven hundred years that spirit has been encircling the globe making new conquests. The spirit of the holy founder lives on in the three orders that he called into existence, and these are faithfully discharging their mission of

prayer, preaching the Word of God in missions and retreats, and performing other spiritual and corporal works of mercy for the uplift of the human race. Seven centuries of fruitful years have passed but the spirit of Francis and his childlike simplicity live on in his spiritual children.

The Benedictine Order, which saw the tiny seed that was planted at Assisi, and watched its development into a flourishing Order, heartily congratulates its Franciscan brethren on this happy occasion. Yet, while the great Order is under no obligations to us Benedictines, we feel that there is a special tie of friendship that binds the two Orders, for, in the words of a Franciscan acquaintance, "the cradle of the Franciscan Order was rocked in a Benedictine chapel"—that of Portiuncula fame. Yes, when the Order of St. Benedict, the founder of western monasticism, was seven hundred years young, God raised up at Assisi the humble Francis and entrusted to him a world-wide mission to all men of good will. Francis still lives—his mission goes on uninterruptedly.

Make Life Cheerful

In a recent issue the *Wichita Catholic Advance* printed a quotation that should be passed from man to man the world over. This life would, indeed, seem worth living if all men followed the good advice. "Thrice blessed," writes Ralph Waldo Trine, "are they who are pleasant to live with: they are a blessing to themselves, to those with whom they live, and to the world at large." Along this line another writer has truly said: "There is a beautiful and an ugly way in which to say almost everything, and happiness depends on the way we adopt. You can upset a person for the whole day by the harsh way in which you address him in the morning, or you may give him a beautiful start by the cheeriness of your greeting. So not only in words, but in all the little common courtesies and duties of life—think of the beautiful way of doing things."

The New Catholic Near-East Welfare Association

(Contributed)

The intense interest of Pope Pius XI in all that concerns Russia and the Near East is well known. His zeal for the welfare of these millions has prompted the formation of various organizations devoted to their betterment, in social, educational, religious and temporal matters. But it became evident that with several societies working for practically the same end, duplication of effort and consequent confusion would result. So, prompted by His fatherly solicitude that the work might be carried on in the best possible manner, the Holy Father thought it well to declare that all such organizations should be merged into one. In a letter on the subject he mentioned particularly two, which have been foremost in such work, the "Catholic Near East Welfare Association," founded by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Richard Barry-Doyle, and the "Catholic Union,"

founded by the Rev. Augustine Galen, O. S. B., both of which, he states, "have made welcome contributions to the common cause."

The merger of these societies has now taken place, in accordance with the wishes of the Holy See, and the American Hierarchy at their recent meeting in Washington on September 15th, 1926, put into operation a complete plan of action and gave its approval to the extension of the work throughout every diocese of the United States.

Professor Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., Vice President of Georgetown University, formerly Director-General of the Papal Relief Mission to Russia during the great famine, has been named by the Holy See president of the new organization which, by Papal direction, retains the name of the "Catholic Near East Welfare Association." Professor Walsh's profound knowledge of the needs in Russia and the Near East, his able administration of the earlier work, and his great enthusiasm for the cause, make him an ideal leader for this enlarged activity. Professor Walsh will work under the direction of a Board of Governors of which William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, is chairman. His Eminence Cardinal Hayes has been named Protector of the new association. The full Board of Governors is as follows: William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, Chairman; Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York; Denis Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia; Most Rev. John Joseph Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis; Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco; Right Rev. Michael John Hoban, Bishop of Scranton; Right Rev. Thomas F. Lillis, Bishop of Kansas City.

The meritorious work which Monsignor Barry-Doyle has already accomplished in the establishment of schools, orphanages, refugee settlements, etc., will be continued and its scope greatly enlarged. The Monsignor himself remains associated with the new foundation. Provision for the religious needs of Russia and the Near East, which had been largely interrupted in the upheavals consequent upon the World War, will also be taken up and promoted.

In his letter, establishing the new association, the Sovereign Pontiff "calls special attention to the intellectual and moral need of Russian youths" and further states that "if the various Presidents of Colleges and Universities in the United States could provide opportunities for the Christian education of these beloved youths, they would thereby afford great consolation to his heart and would 'merit, moreover, the eternal gratitude of the Russian people.'" Hence, the better to carry out this program, the Hierarchy has approved a "Student Exchange Department" in this enlarged association which will have as its object the procuring of means to carry out this request of His Holiness. In addition to this department there will be others devoting themselves to the relief of temporal need in Russia, Greece, the Balkans, and Asia Minor, as well as one devoted to the religious welfare of these peoples.

The generous support which the Catholic population of the United States have hitherto accorded to works of this character was made a matter of especial remark in the Pope's letter where he spoke of it as having "merited his public encomium and commendation." It is confidently believed that as this association is now at work upon an even more secure foundation than before, under the direction and protection of the Hierarchy of the United States, our people will continue in redoubled measure their zealous efforts in its behalf. The Catholic Near East Welfare Association is therefore assured that, as a Pontifical work being carried on for an object so dear to His Holiness, its efforts will be ably seconded by all Catholics in our land. It now becomes the only authorized American agency representing Catholic interest in Russia and the Near East.

The administrative headquarters of the association will be located at 48 Lexington Avenue, New York City, and the business administration will be under the immediate direction of the General Secretary, Mr. Joseph F. Moore, who has been for some time past connected in the same capacity with the work of Monsignor Barry-Doyle.

It is not too much to say that the new scope, to which the Catholic Near East Welfare Association is devoting itself, is an epoch-making event in Catholic history, one which deserves the heartiest co-operation of all American Catholics and of all others who have at heart the well-being of the sorely tried and needy peoples of Russia and the Near East. It marks a most significant and forward step in the coordination and systematizing of the social welfare work of the Catholic Church throughout the world. We warmly recommend it to our readers.

The Blessed Sacrament, like most gifts in this shadowed world, must be taken from us before we appreciate it aright.—F. P. Le Buffe, S. J.

Holy Grail Sonnets

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

21. THE HOME-COMING

From sorrow, slowly on to fullest joy
The hearts of all did beat in Arthur's hall
As knight by knight returned, till Perceval
Told all the truth and his own heart's annoy.

'Twas not for such as sinful I to toy
With sacred things! I saw the holy pall
In the great castle, but so mazed withal
I asked not, for sweetness my heart did cloy.

Not so, Sir Galahad: in the far isle
Priest is he for all time, the holy Quest
Hath he achieved, his is the Grail most blest!

Though Sundered from us, will his prayer
Avail for peace, and now all demon's wile sublime
Will yield to Avalon's far-pealing chime.

The Eucharist and Obsequies

How Catholics and Non-Catholics Are Buried

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"FATHER, don't you know that I have a sort of hobby in regard to reading newspapers," said Oscar Clyne after he and Father Gilbert had made the husky newsboy richer by two nickels.

"What is it? Do you begin on the last page and go frontward as the Jews read their Bible?"

"No, no! Father. I am a little more progressive than that. The first things I search for are the death notices and the funeral items."

"That idiosyncrasy is not so serious. It surely does you less harm than if you leaped for the biggest scandals immediately."

"Well, I confess that my eccentricity has afforded me many an antidote against the scandals paraded in the bold headlines of the first page. But when I come across the cremation notes I am always shocked."

"So's the Church and all those who are of one mind with her. Her attitude is well expressed in an article written for the Catholic Encyclopedia. She holds it unseemly that the body, once the living temple of God, the instrument of heavenly virtue, sanctified so often by the sacraments, especially by Holy Eucharist, should after death be subjected to a treatment against which filial piety, conjugal and fraternal love, or even mere friendship seems to revolt as inhuman. However, her chief objection rests on even a stronger motive: cremation in the majority of cases is knit up with circumstances that make of it a public profession of irreligion and materialism. It is especially the doctrine of the resurrection of the body that is assailed by many advocates of cremation, though the practice itself would not be directly opposed to the doctrine."

"Father, I recall the burial of a non-Catholic at sea a good many years ago. A young sailor had a hemorrhage. Before he expired he received all possible care from a temporal point of view, but the flow of blood could not be checked and he died during the night. The next morning early four comrades carried him to the starboard and thence sank him to the bottom of the sea. That was all there was to it. I tell you, Father, the cold shivers crept over me at the sight. I said to myself: Can these people call themselves Christians?"

"Mr. Clyne, it will interest you to know that we have an account of the obsequies of Constantine the Great, who died in 337. Hence it is a

testimony of the Eucharistic feature of Christian burial. The famous church historian, Eusebius, who himself was a contemporary of Constantine, gives us the account. He relates: 'When Constantius (the son of Constantine) had receded with the soldiers, the ministers of God, surrounded by the faithful, entered and amid many prayers celebrated the Sacred Mysteries. The deceased, as he lay on a high bier, was honored by all. But the people in union with the priests of the Lord offered up their prayers mingled with tears and sighs to God for the repose of the soul of the emperor. Thus they fulfilled a pleasant duty which they owed their pious ruler. . . . He was made a sharer in the blessing of the sacred service, in the mystical Sacrifice, and in the holy prayers.' Thus you see that the funeral services in early Christian times differed little from ours today. Non-Catholic ministers often feel their helplessness when they stand at the bier or coffin."

"They surely don't make such things public."

"I know it from various sources, but let two instances suffice. The first is the case of the chaplains during the late war. Many a time these ministers were heard to utter: 'Lord, give him light, give him eternal rest.' When one of them, a Lutheran preacher, was asked what he really thought of these prayers for the dead which he had pronounced, he replied: 'Why Christian charity goes beyond the grave and does what it can for the dead.' 'Very well,' the priest rejoined, 'then you are Catholic.' This charge brought about a show of teeth. 'Haven't we the right too to pray for the dead?' the offended chaplain snarled back.—'Yes, certainly. But you believe only in heaven and hell. If the departed are in heaven, they need no prayers, if in hell, they cannot use them. Hence there must be a medium state in which your prayers can be of avail to them. This state we call purgatory.' The only answer obtained from the perplexed minister was: 'I won't stoop to such hair-splitting distinctions.'"

"That was quite a predicament for a minister to be in."

"The same can be said of many of our American non-Catholic bishops. It was in October, three years ago, I think, that the Protestant Episcopal Church had its triennial convention in New Orleans. Here Bishop William Cabell Brown of the Episcopal diocese of Virginia de-

clared that he felt his church had made a mistake 'at the time of the Reformation' when it put away prayers for the dead. He was of the opinion that he ought not to oppose what was desired by the greater part of the church. The proposal, however, failed of passage. The news dispatch states further that when the deputies learned of the failure of the bishops to ratify prayer for the dead they were exceedingly disappointed."

"Father, the funeral item that impressed me most forcibly of late was the one of a recent correspondent in the *Daily American Tribune*. He wrote: 'Yesterday we attended the funeral of an 85-year-old pioneer lady who raised her family in this valley and had lived here for over forty years. She was a Methodist and her preacher had charge of the funeral.'

"The sects here do not take their deceased into their churches any more, to hold the funeral service at the undertaker's parlor. The mourners occupy a space near the preacher's chair, at the side of the organ opposite the coffin; the other space is occupied by the pall-bearers and the friends of the bereaved. After reading a text from the Bible: 'Prepare thy house, O king, for thy soul will soon be called,' the preacher began. 'We all know that we cannot do anything for the departed, but we are assembled here to express our esteem and our sympathy to the bereaved.' If ever in my life I felt like telling a speaker that he was a liar, it was after these words, but I was not allowed to make a disturbance."

"Father, I heartily agreed with the further comment of this correspondent when he added: 'Can there be a religious belief more empty, more cruel, and more discomfoting for the bereaved? It is a wonder that people can be so empty-headed as to cling to such a teaching. Where is the belief in the "communion of saints" and in the words of the Bible: "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from sins"? If we cannot pray for the dead, the next conse-

quence will be that we cannot pray for the living either and we return to self-idolatry to which the present generation is heading."

"You see, Mr. Clyne, this Methodist preacher, as well as the Lutheran minister of the war, and the Episcopal bishop at New Orleans convention, may have felt a need for some aid to the dead but, like them, he may have been in a quandary. How different is the attitude of the Catholic Church towards her dear departed children. She hasn't lost her solicitude for them since the time of Constantine. Before the corpse—the mortal remains—is consigned to mother earth, Holy Church takes it into God's own house, into the Eucharistic presence, to that Christ who stood beside the bed of the dead

daughter of Jairus, beside the bier of the young man of Naim, beside the tomb of His friend Lazarus. Unless a grave reason stands in the way, she demands this. As the Savior wrought miracles in the former cases so He does still in a higher order. Everything about a Catholic funeral bespeaks that same hope as Christ inspired in the hearts of Martha and Mary. In fact, the scene of Bethania is reenacted at all Catholic obsequies. Only the resuscitation of the body is postponed whilst the soul's passage to unalloyed peace and happiness is accelerated.

"Take the Mass of the dead: 'Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine—Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord.

"Kyrie, eleison — Lord, have mercy.

"O God, whose property is ever to have mercy

and to spare, we humbly supplicate Thee for the soul of Thy servant, N., which Thou hast this day called out of this world, that Thou deliver it not into the hands of the enemy, nor forget for ever, but command it to be received by the holy angels and taken to paradise, its home; so that, since it hath hoped and believed in Thee, it may not bear the pains of hell but possess everlasting joys. Through our Lord Jesus Christ who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost world without end. Amen."

"Now, what more beautiful invocation could



THE WIDOW'S SON RESTORED TO LIFE

you imagine. It forms the so-called oration of the Funeral Mass. Then the unexampled sequence, 'Dies Irae,' the words of which and its touchingly melody put us in a mood to pray the more fervently for the dead as the Mass advances. The Gospel of this Mass recalls to us the details of Christ's conversation with Martha in Bethania.

"At the offertory Jesus Christ, the King of glory, is besought 'to deliver them (the souls) from the lion's mouth that hell engulf them not, nor they fall into darkness but that Michael, the holy standard bearer, bring them into holy light' which he once promised to Abraham and his seed.

"In the preface Christ is praised 'in whom the hope of a happy resurrection has shone on us so that those whom the certain fate of dying renders sad may be consoled by the promise of future immortality. For with regard to Thy faithful, O Lord, life is changed, not taken away, and the house of their earthly dwelling being destroyed, an eternal dwelling in heaven is obtained.'

"At the consecration and elevation are the bereaved not in the same position as Mary, the sister of Lazarus? She sat at home nurturing her grief until Martha secretly called her and said: 'The Master is come and calleth for thee.' So at the elevation the mourners hear within themselves a voice which saith: 'The Master is come and is ready to console thee.' Like Mary they fall down in spirit at His feet and say with her: 'Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.' Like Mary they hope that He will raise at least the soul of the departed to glory. Nothing can so speedily transfer a soul from the cleansing fires of purgatory as the Most Precious Blood of the God-man poured out anew in an unbloody manner at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Oh what a relief this conviction and the hope resulting therefrom is for the grief-stricken relatives and friends, especially at the moment when the nearness of the Eucharist is realized and impressed by the elevation.

"In the so-called Memento the priest asks the Lord to be mindful in particular of the servants who have gone before us with the sign of the faith and who sleep in the sleep of peace.

"At the Agnus Dei God's minister, looking straight at the Lamb of God says three times: 'Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, grant them rest.' The third time he adds: 'For evermore.'

"Then comes Communion. In ancient times the heathens were wont to celebrate a funeral repast. Those who communicate during the funeral service sit at a similar banquet, but the meat served there is the flesh of the Son of God

and the proceeds of the banquet can be applied to the dear departed.

"Oh how we all join in the solemn 'Requiescant in pace—may they rest in peace.' After the Mass another pleading 'Non intres—enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord, for in Thy sight no man shall be justified unless remission of all sins be accorded him by Thee,' etc. Lastly, the 'Libera': 'Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death on that dreadful day.'

"Whilst the body is borne to the grave how impressive the 'In paradisum' becomes: 'May the angels lead thee into paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming and take thee to Jerusalem, the holy city. May the choirs of the angels receive thee and mayest thou have rest everlasting with Lazarus once a beggar.'

"So also the few remaining prayers have for their dominant note the speedy admission of the soul to paradise. Oh if the people, and especially the relatives and friends who are so eager to aid the departed, would follow the prayer of the Church at the funeral service. They could find no more touching nor more efficacious petitions. Many prayer books, especially the so-called misals, have a translation of these prayers alongside of the Latin text. There is so much ignorance in these matters. You have an instance in a story that is told of a woman who, like her husband, had been very lax in the practice of her faith. She, of course, had no time to attend to her religious duties and to inform herself better in them. She had too many societies to look after and too many novels to read. Her husband fell ill, but she thought of the priest only when the patient was at death's very door. Hence, when the priest arrived, the man's soul was already before the Eternal Judge. She sobbed: 'O Reverend, he is dead, but please give him still the sacraments of the dead.'

"She seems to have been somewhat rusty in her catechism. Father, I have another difficulty. Sometimes the non-Catholic who departs this life has been very dear to us. He may have been a cherished member of our family, a true friend, or some highly esteemed person in public life. Can't we give them the benefit of our beautiful funeral service?"

"In this matter we must obey the Church. Her law is expressed in the code thus: 'The following persons are to be deprived of ecclesiastical burial, unless they have before death given signs of repentance: notorious apostates from the Christian faith and persons notoriously known to belong to a heretical or schismatical sect or to the Masons and other societies of the same kind; persons excommunicated or interdicted by a condemnatory or declaratory sentence; culpable suicides; those dying in a duel

(Continued on page 310)

Mary Rose, Graduate

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

CHAPTER X

CLASS NIGHT

COMMENCEMENT week festivities were about over. The class banquet had been a thing the graduates would hold in fond memory so long as they should live. A shimmering, beautiful, festive affair, with American Beauty roses everywhere, and glimmering candles, and music and mirth. Everyone had talked much, and laughed more, and felt alternately glad and weepy. There had been toasts—dear, funny, tender toasts to everyone and everything—to the class officers, to the faculty, to St. Angela's, to the past, and to the future. There had been quaint, halting speeches by young lady graduates, who suddenly felt like primary children as they tried to talk to the classmates with whom they had always talked. There had been the class prophecy, read by "our talented and beloved president, Mary Rose Ensley." Oh, especially there had been the prophecy! They all had listened with laughter on their lips and tears brimming from their eyes as their Posey, in clever, well-written verse, outlined for each of them a mythical possible future. Bride would be a mother of many children—the "Loveliest mother in the world." Catherine would be a prima donna; Margaret Mary, a society belle; Kathleen, a suffragette. Ruth Martin and Ann Corrigan would wear the sacred habit—would "choose the better part."

"What?" asked Sister Boniface, when the prophecy was submitted for her approval, "only two nuns out of all this class? How stingy of you, Mary Rose!"

Helen Jordan would be a nurse, in uniform of blue. Eleanor would be a Boston spinster and dine daily on her favorite dish, baked beans. Agnes would be "the matron of an orphan children's home, in a quaint New England village with the odd name Honeycomb." Eileen would develop her talent and become a great actress. And so on down the list to Mary Rose herself, who found,

"And I? I still was writing stuff whose worth appealed to me,
But the beauty of which the publishers could never seem to see.
Yet still I hoped some day to tread the starlit path of fame,
And I near Emerson and Lowell longed to inscribe my name.

Vain hope! For still the years fled on. My manuscripts returned.
And joy for cheques signed "Editor" ne'er in my bosom burned."

And then had come the part of the prophecy which left them strangely solemn:

"The future that lies before us—'tis a 'many-splendored thing.'
And whether ours be the scholar's gown or ours be the wedding ring,
Whether we be of God's best beloved, the faithful chosen few,
Or our part lie in the wide, wide world, to suffer and dare and do—
Whether ours be the pen that moves the world, or the voice that stirs a throne,
Or ours the mother hand that soothes the heart and rules the home—
What will come in this life of ours—this life that is well begun?
Will any of these things ever come true—this prophecy made in fun?
'Tis not ours to know, but this we pray, dear girls of the "Hoodoo" Class,
That always, always in future years, no matter what come to pass,
S. A. be as proud of this class of ours as we of our convent school,
And the maxims we've learned in her dear old walls be ever our life's best rule."

Yes, the class banquet was over. Class Day had come, and the class tree had been planted. And here it was—Class Night. Bright-colored dresses were flitting though the halls of St. Angela's—bright-colored dresses on happy, excited owners. Bride was in Mary Rose's room, waiting for Posey to add a last touch to her toilette—and Mary Rose, with all her pirouetting before the long glass and stretching her neck to see the tip of her skirt hem, was thinking not half so much of her pretty dress as she was of the audience she was soon to face. Mary Rose was going to deliver an oration, and already she was having symptoms of stage fright.

"If this is so bad," she said, "I wonder what Friday night will be. I've such a dead-and-gone feeling in my knees. Do I look all right, Hon?"

Bride looked at her with admiring eyes. So might anyone. She looked like a rose—rose dress, rose stockings, rose slippers, rose fillet binding her rich brown hair, roses blooming in her cheeks and on her lips. Her eyes were

as starry as dew drops in the early morning sun.

"You're wonderful!" exclaimed Bride, honestly.

"Oh!" Mary Rose kissed her, for there was no mistaking the sincerity of that compliment, "it's not I, of course. It's the dress. Nothing wonderful about me, darling. Wait until you hear me faltering over my speech—that is, if you DO hear me. I thought I was shouting it yesterday, and Sister Boniface said she couldn't hear me beyond the third row of seats. She kept backing up the aisle and saying, 'Louder, Mary Rose, louder! Elevate your voice.' I think she said, 'Elevate your voice,' at least fifty times. I'm thinking of borrowing the nuns' elevator—just for the evening. Bride, if I'm wonderful, what about yourself? You look like a sea nymph—a water witch. That's the most adorable shade of green I ever saw, and you've the skin to wear it, and the hair to crown it. Class Night! Oh, Bride, can it be possible? Three days more, and then good-bye to St. Angela's forever! I can hardly bear to think of it. I wish I could feel that I have a vocation. I wonder how many of our class will come back to stay? I can't imagine any of them, can you?"

An odd expression—a glimmer of feeling on Bride's face arrested her thought. Bride had always evaded a question of the future, and suddenly the truth was exposed to Mary Rose's loving heart.

"Bride!" she cried sharply. "Bride, darling! Do you mean it? Are you coming back?"

A rosy red ran over Bride's milk-white skin and then faded, leaving it whiter than before.

"Some day, if God is willing," she said softly.

"It's seven-thirty," said Kathleen, coming unexpectedly upon their serious moment. "Sister Boniface and Sister Juliana want us all back stage. Do I look self-possessed? I'm so scared."

"You never look anything else," said Posey. "If I had your poise—or Catherine's! But I shall get out there and stand—and stand—and stand—Every line of that speech will fade from my blank head."

"That sounds like swearing," objected Bride.

"Will fade, leaving my head even blanker than usual. How's that?"

"Impossible!" replied Kay. "Come on, you two. The others have gone on."

Class Night! Mary Rose moved in a dream. Uppermost in her mind was the thought of Bride. "Some day, if God is willing," Bride had said. Some day Bride was coming back to be a nun. Much as she loved her chum, such thought of her had never entered Mary Rose's mind. She had wondered concerning the others while she was writing the prophecy, and some-

how she had seen none of them really entering the convent. Allotting vocations to shy Ruth Martin and quiet, but fun-loving, Ann Corrigan had been "just for fun." Least of all had it ever occurred to her that she would go through life without the constant companionship of her chum. She had visioned herself and Bride, as inseparable out of school as in. They would go to college together. Together they would meet their future mates. She would be Bride's bridesmaid, and Bride would be hers. They might even have a double wedding. Together they would plan their husband's meals and their children's clothes. Oh, how blind she had been! Of course Bride was the perfect nun! Bride, with her high ideals, her serene, unselfish disposition, her spotless integrity, her helpful spirit, her piety. Bride, Bride of Christ! Mary Rose said it over softly to herself, and there were tears in her eyes. She felt somehow as she had felt when as a child she had built houses of pebbles, and naughty Johnny Henderson had kicked them all down. That was what had become of her plans for herself and Bride. Fate had kicked them down. And yet she was glad—very glad. Mary Rose had wanted to be a nun herself. Hers was a spirit desirous of making splendid renunciations and sacrifices. But earnest prayer and contemplation had convinced her that the religious life was not for her. She would be far happier at home, helping Father McCloud with parish affairs, sewing with mother, making kites for Bob and Jim, assisting Mumsey with her innumerable little charities. There would be college, and then work in Daddy's office, with odd moments of scribbling. She might even write a book some day—and then she wanted to marry the "Someone" for whom all girlhood waits, and have a big sunny house for a home—and a garden filled with roses and with happy, laughing children. She had wanted to be a nun—but after all it was Bride who would make that splendid renunciation.

"Some day, if God is willing," Bride said. "Some day"—ah, how soon? "I'll have to hurry and get married if I want her for my bridesmaid," said Mary Rose. "I'll have to hurry up and meet that 'Someone.' Bride will go to college before she enters, so I need not cut my college course short. I'll have her for four more years."

Bride was reciting Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven." It was the theme for the whole program. Beautiful and strong, rich with expression and feeling, the words reached out and gripped her audience—reached back, and gripped her classmates—and Mary Rose.

"I pleaded, outlaw-wise

By many a hearted casement, curtained red,

Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For though I knew His love Who followed,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside.)"

Into the beautiful lines of the sad young poet Mary Rose read new meaning. How fitting that Bride should be speaking them tonight—Bride, who would be a nun and, having Him, have "naught beside"—Bride, Bride of Christ. Mary Rose was gone again in her dreaming.

"Mary Rose, it's your turn. Sister's glaring at you. Go on!" Eleanor poked her with an admonitory finger.

"Oh, dear! My turn already?" Mary Rose went out upon the flower-filled stage. She looked down upon the sea of faces before her, and her diffidence fell from her like a cast-off garment. She was oddly unperturbed and at ease. And yet she could not think of the opening words of her discourse. Silence fell—a silence like that which sometimes comes upon the earth of sunset with the dropping of the breeze. No one moved, or coughed, or whispered. And Youth, gowned in rose, stood on a stage, looking out into the world with dream-filled eyes.

"Lo, all things fly thee for thou fliest Me!" Bride's voice prompted her with the opening line.

Youth opened her lips and spoke, and the audience settled itself with a gentle, unintentional rustling of silks and scraping of feet, to listen. It was a lovely discourse. It had been carefully written, carefully revised, smoothed and polished to brilliancy, and practiced through many trying hours. Mary Rose went through it from beginning to end, brilliantly, wholly at ease, and without an error, with no thought of "dead-and-gone knees," nor of the stage fright she had anticipated. But she was far in spirit from her audience. She was gazing at a future, the face of which had a short time since been plainly etched, but was now drawn over with a gray, troubling veil. Applause told her when she had finished, and she came abruptly back to the present and saw once more the pleasant, smiling faces, and the brilliantly lighted stage. She was assailed with a panicky feeling lest she had failed in her task, and she bowed and dimpled hastily, and left the stage. Catherine Casey, with a face as calm as that of any Oriental, passed her at the wings, enroute to her own declamation. Could anything, wondered Mary Rose, with honest, wondering admiration, ever disturb the tranquillity of Catherine's well-ordered existence? She was sure that nothing ever would.

"You did well, Mary Rose," commended Sister Boniface. "Though I'm afraid those in the rear seats could not hear you. You neglected to elevate your voice."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mary Rose, thankful that nothing more had been wrong with that absent-minded oration. "Sure enough, Sister dear! I forgot the elevator."

When it was all over, the audience claimed their graduates. Congratulations and acclamation were theirs. Mary Rose found herself passed on from one group to another. First, of course, there were Daddy and Mumsey, with proud moist eyes. Then there were the children, who told her, according to their age and sex, that she was "perfectly beautiful" or that she "talked pretty good, but they couldn't hear her." Then Aunt Ruth, and a tall, serious young man who regarded Aunt Ruth with a proprietary air, and looked at her graduating niece hardly at all. Then Doctor and Mrs. Malone, Bride's parents, and her brother John and his wife, who had once been Denise Labadie of St. Angela's Academy. Then dozens of others, who clasped her by hand, called her by name, and murmured the usual polite phrases. And then at last, having been maneuvered thither in an inexplicable and only vaguely understood way, she found herself seated on a wicker divan in a secluded corner of the auditorium corridor with a very tall, very red-headed, very twinkling-eyed young man who was Tim Malone, Bride's brother.

"A young person who has to be prompted before she can speak her piece," said Tim Malone mockingly, "has no business receiving a graduate's diploma. Incidents such as that belong properly in the primary grades. Anyway, I have a bone to pick with you. I shall never forgive you for not coming to the Junior Hop. It was all very well for you to blame it on poor Mother Superior. The Hop was a frost, and my life was ruined."

Mary Rose laughed softly. "How sad!" she mocked in her turn. "And I was having such a lovely time, too. We were having the most interesting physics exam. Ah, well, I knew that invitation you extended to me last summer was merely perfunctory—that you were really dying to take Ellen Kinney. Bride says she's a gorgeous dancer."

"Gorgeous!" snorted Tim. "There's another of the atrocious words you kids affect. Young lady graduate! Humph! Young lady graduates talk good United States. Are you going to college next year, Mary Rose?"

"Not unless college manners improve," said Mary Rose calmly.

"Ouch!" Tim ducked the verbal brickbat. "You're a hard hitter, Posey-girl. On the square now, of what were you thinking when you were delivering that impassioned address? Your voice spoke pretty words but your eyes were gazing at another world. Mars, perhaps?"

Mary Rose dropped her cloak of raillery and lifted serious eyes to his.

"Another world, but not Mars, Tim," she said, "the world of the future. I never thought much about it before, but tonight something happened that brought home to me how big—and fearful—that world is. It would be pleasant, Tim, if I could be a little girl forever."

"Not for me," said Tim, now serious, too. "I—I don't want you to stay a little girl, Mary Rose. And the future need not be so fearful, need it? I've been thinking about it quite a bit the last year or so, and it looks pretty rosy in spots. Next year I'm going to get a sheepskin, and then I'll go into Dick's office and buckle down to honest-to-goodness hard work. It won't be over two years until I can hang out a shingle of my own."

"That's like a man," twitted Mary Rose. "Here am I, talking very seriously about my future, and you switch right off onto yours."

"But I say—Aw, that's not fair," cried Tim, bested for once in the battle of wits. "Listen to me, you impertinent young miss! Your future and my future are hopelessly entwined—and if I'm a poor lawyer, you'll be a poor woman, so you'd better pray for me to be the other kind. Three years from tonight I'm going to propose to you, and—"

"Here she is!" interrupted Bride's voice. "in bad company, too, with my brother Tim. There's ice cream in the refectory for the graduates, Posey. Papa's waiting for you, Tim. We'll see you Friday night."

* * * * *

The "Lights Out" signal snapped. Sister Clotilda's slow step went down the corridor and ended at her door. Mary Rose obediently pressed her light button. Then, going to the window, she threw it wide to look at the stars. She wanted their calm support as she looked back over the bewildering events of this amazing day. This morning it had been an ordinary Class Day—no, not exactly ordinary, because it had been HER Class Day. But it had been a day of smoothness, and imperturbability and calm, with nothing to disturb her save the thrill and dread of the coming program. And tonight the program and the day's events were over—but the thrill remained. Bride was going to be a nun, and she—was it possible that she was some day to be Bride's sister-in-law? Three years from tonight Tim was going to propose to her! He meant it, too. The mockery had been gone from his voice when he said that. And surely, if she had never dreamed of Bride taking the veil, neither had she ever dreamed of some day wearing dear old Tim's wedding ring.

"Three years is a long time," she said. "May-

be he'll change his mind, or forget, or something. Tim! Me, Mrs. Tim! The idea! Mary Rose Malone! Um-m-m! not so bad! Well!" She smiled mischievously and slipped between the cool sheets of her pretty bed, "If he forgets, I'll have to remind him of it. My college days will be drawing to a close, and I'll have to hurry matters so Bride can be my bridesmaid before she comes back to S. A. A. Oh, hum! What a complicated affair is life!" And she blessed herself and fell asleep.

THE END

The Poor Man of Assisi

H. D., O. S. B.

IN THE early part of the thirteenth century there stood in Assisi a tiny chapel, built anciently by some holy hermits from Palestine, which was at that time the property of the sons of St. Benedict. There came to them one Francis, who had left all he might claim on earth to become the apostle down the ages of evangelical poverty, begging of them the use of this chapel—later called the Portiuncula—for himself and associates. The petition was gladly granted. Later, the story tells us, Francis directed that the Friars of the Portiuncula should carry every year a basket of fish to the Abbot of Subiaco, cradle of the Benedictine Order, as an annual rent charge, or rather as a mark of gratitude. To this day, it is said, the brotherly gift is made and is reciprocated by the monks of Subiaco by the present of a flask of olive oil.

Writing on the seventh centenary of the death of this "Saint of the whole world," rejoicing at the glory that is his, congratulating with his sons and daughters who are exemplifying his holy zeal to make Christ live among men, we Benedictines, in that peculiar spirit of brotherly amity which has ever existed between ourselves and the children of St. Francis, take special delight in the world-wide recognition that is accorded their holy founder and all that is of him.

Nothing can be added that can further proclaim his praise and glory, little need is there to describe more particularly him who is known so well; his glory is also our joy, to his praise we join our chorus, and, knowing him, we feel that we know Christ the better. Let us but add our wishes to those of the Church universal: May Francis' sons and daughters multiply and flourish and continue in succeeding ages, as they have done these seven centuries, to spread in the hearts of men the spirit of that sweet simplicity which is of St. Francis and which is of God.

Jesus, treasure of Mary's heart, I pray Thee send Thy blessing on my soul.

Old France in New Orleans

REV. WILLIAM SCHAEFERS

THE hardy and brave explorer, Bienville, seeing one day two large ships, with a full cargo and all sails spread, enter the mouth of the Mississippi River, was so struck at the sight that he at once wrote to France, asking that the seat of government be planted along the banks of the great river, on the site now occupied by New Orleans. Anticipating a favorable reply from his majesty's government, Bienville at once laid plans for the new city in the year 1718. Engineers and workmen labored under his guidance. Such houses as were first necessary were erected,—a cluster of huts perched on the banks of the river. This settlement, in 1722, formally became the capital city of the French empire in the New World,—a vast territory that included all that portion between the Mississippi and the Rocky mountains. For seventy-eight years, Vieux Carre — the "old city" — was the capital of this empire. Its citizens braved a hundred dangers, even their sleep was disturbed by the roaring of packs of alligators in the bayou. Its builders fought fire, floods, and epidemics. Its merchants and traders suffered the hardships and risked the dangers of their one-thousand-mile long trading trips up a treacherous and unknown river. The French garrisons fought and bled to defend Nouvelle Orleans and to retain the new empire for the French Crown. The settlement grew.

A drainage system was constructed, bridges built; the Place d'Armes, the St. Louis Cathedral, the presbytery, the archiepiscopal palace, the market, the French Opera House, the wharves and the docks, — until, finally, the yeasting commerce of an empire was going up and down before the proud French capitol.

But all this—the capital city and the vast empire—impoverished France relinquished for the sum of fifteen million dollars, the price of the bargain struck by Monroe for the purchase of the Louisiana Territory. Following this transaction, New Orleans, in October 1810, saw the stars and stripes hoisted on Jackson Square. French rule on the new continent had come to an end.

Under American government, the city thrice boomed. Now it is a great metropolis, sweating and toiling and scattering prosperity. But in the midst of it all, Vieux Carre lives on. Thus, within the fingers of its twisting streets, New Orleans holds the key to the history of two hundred and seven years.

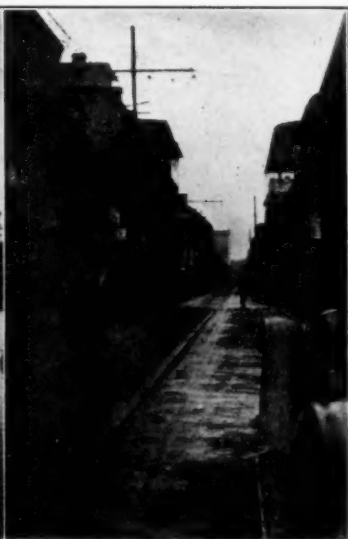
The old French city, covering but ten squares from end to end, formerly constituted the whole of the walled city of Nouvelle Orleans; in other words, Vieux Carre is the cradle of the present city of New Orleans. It is now usually called the "French Quarter." It lies just off Canal Street, the main artery of modern New Orleans.



STREET IN FRENCH QUARTER



WATER, BOAT, AND PALMS



DISMAL STREET

Few spots in America awaken in the thoughtful tourist such absorbing interest. Its streets are musical with French names: Conde, Toulouse, Bourbon, Chartres, Burgundy, Dumaine, and Bienville, the only street named in honor of the founder of New Orleans,—his only memorial in the city of his dreams.

The old French Quarter is something to see. Its narrow streets are like a magic mirror, which to the thoughtful and seeing eye reflect the pageantry of the old French days. Each street, as well as every old house that flanks its cobbled surface, is crowded with some historical memory. Every breeze that enters the courtyards and stirs the sleeping vines, flowers and palms whisper the name of some illustrious Creole who idled here; or, perhaps, wooed here his lovely lady; or was it that in some one of the more barren courtyards a group of henchmen held court with Pierre Lafittes, the famous smuggler and pirate of his day? There is such a courtyard near the Napoleon House,—a large, flagged courtyard, barren and neglected, surrounded by old fashioned brick tenement houses and barns with open doors. Here, the guide will tell you, Creoles from the lower strata assembled, to scheme the excitable episodes that periodically rocked the city and set the red-breached gendarmes on the hunt.

In Vieux Carre are very many historical houses. To list but a few: at Iberville and Royal streets stands the old Union Bank building, which over a century ago was the financial stronghold of New Orleans; the "Dome Shop," near the courthouse, with its mammoth rooms, magnificent marble mantlepiece and crystal

chandeliers; the old Morphy house, on Royal street, where Paul Morphy, the greatest chess player of his time, lived, and the room wherein he used to play chess, moving his pawns on the board with consummate skill, is now a fashionable restaurant; the Napoleon House, at the corner of Chartres and St. Louis Streets, under whose great cupola the renowned Frenchman would have spent the remainder of his days in elegance and peace if his New Orleans admirers, who had built the house for him, had succeeded in effecting his rescue from the Isle of St. Helena; the house at 627 Royal Street is where the internationally famed Adelina Patti, opera singer, made her home; the old Coffee House, where the gay and the rich of yesteryear sipped their French coffee and spun their tales of high life; the very old New Orleans Theater, now a convent for colored Sisters; at Bourbon and Hospital Streets is the Haunted House, where Madame Lalarnie, social queen and charitable leader of her day, lived, spending months in the secret torture chambers of horrors in mutilating her negro slaves just to see them squirm, and whose ghosts are now said to haunt the premises; in Dumaine street, where stands the interesting house that has been so richly embellished by the genius of the novelist who wrote "Old Creole Days"; and the old Ursuline Convent on Chartres Street, built in 1730, where the nuns and their pupils gathered together in the chapel to pray for the success of Jackson on the battlefield of New Orleans.

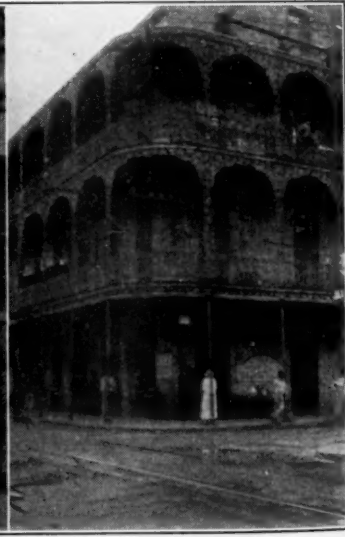
On every corner in Vieux Carre, where dull, dark houses stand sagging with age, there is history. All the streets in the French quarter



A DARK CORNER



FLAGGED COURTYARD



WROUGHT IRON SCROLL WORK

are narrow, rough shod for the greater part. They are gloomy looking streets, lined with old stone and brick houses that are two and three stories high, the first story usually being a store, while in the stories above the families live. Very many of the houses have porches running along the street side of the house, thus forming a canopy over the sidewalk. Hence, the pedestrian walks beneath blocks of balconies, treading a gloomy runway, through which for many years torrents of humanity—French, Spaniards, Mexicans, Greeks, Jews, Italians, and negroes—have passed. The house balconies are mostly all made of hand-hammered wrought-iron scrollwork, triple façades of rusty iron, crusted with iron flowers and scroll-work that are priceless because they cannot be duplicated. Over these iron railings the descendants of the French pioneers, idling away the evening, watch the living tableau upon the streets below,—streets that now echo to the clang of street cars and to the rumble of trucks and autos. Vieux Carre, they say, has changed!

Here and there one sees a majestic doorway, a huge, carved, oaken door; or a stone entrance, the hinges of whose doors sag with age, the doors crowned with the coat of arms of the aristocratic families that lived here two hundred years ago. All this reminds one of the days when the Creole nobility of Nouvelle Orleans, preceded by their slaves, drove to the market in carriages. There are many sombre houses along these streets which once were the homes of merchant and fur princes, but they now stand half apologetically in the gloom of the shabby runways. Dilapidated though they be, they will retain a certain dignity, they still parade the air of better days. Certainly on a cloudy day the streets are dismal. It is hard to understand why these streets, though just off the Broadway of the city, where even on cloudy days there is color and cheer, should present such a marked contrast. They look like dark alleyways. Yet there is life on these streets. In places they swarm with unkempt heads. Unwashed faces peer at you and unwashed hands reach for the tip that seeks information. The children are ragged and of many nationalities. French is the popular language spoken. The stores are amazing, cluttered with all kinds of ware. Especially interesting—and pathetic—are the antique shops, which contain the wreckage of costly, curious bric-a-brac, the cherished possessions of old Creole families. Too, the streets throw off rounds of odor! Especially about the fish stores, when fresh shrimps are in season, the smell is hot. Both flies and dogs swarm around the stores. It is all the old French style, says the guide. But this is hard to believe. Rather, there is retrogression here; generations living in an old quarter that is losing

its identity, with its people suffering accordingly,—for New Orleans encroaches yearly more and more upon the old French district.

The old city is worth a visit. But, better the visit now. For alas, the needs of modern New Orleans are many and imperialistic. The imperialism of Progress is dealing deadly blows to Vieux Carre. There is a constant nibbling,—a process that will, in time, eat out the vitals of the old French district, and then it shall be no more. But, perchance, Progress may not reach that far! New Orleans boasts—the boast is found in large flaming letters on the poster in the largest depot—that it is the most historical city in America. And all because of its French heart. Thus, because of love, Vieux Carre may yet endure, to live forever in the heart of the metropolis,—a rare, old patch, priceless because of its history and romance, with nature furnishing a splendid background of water, sailboat and plumed palms.

The Gentle Art of Saying Pleasant Things

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

AMONG the many beautiful and soul-stirring reflections left us for consolation and encouragement by Fred W. Faber there are, I think, few that can compare with the three chapters in his *Spiritual Conferences on Kind Thoughts, Kind Words and Kind Actions*. He may fitly be called the Apostle of Kindness, for all his writings breathe a spirit of loving self-sacrifice, of genial and sympathetic consideration for others. In simple yet vivid language he points out the charm and the power of kindness.

"Kind words are the words of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost its way and come on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds and putting for the while an angel's nature into us."

It is so, we not only think that it is so, we feel and know that this is true, and yet few of us endeavor to cultivate the gentle art of saying pleasant things. Surely one of the noblest aims in life is to give pleasure to others, and to do so by genial appropriate remarks, costs nothing—the poorest as well as the wealthiest has an inexhaustible mine of kind words at his disposal.

Is it not strange that we so seldom dip into this mine? Is it not passing strange that we prefer to say sharp biting things, that make our unfortunate friends squirm in agony rather than bring sunny smiles to their lips and cause

(Continued on page 309)

Eucharistic Memories in Bible Lands

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B., Weingarten, Wuerttemberg,

ON THE SHORES OF LAKE GENESARETH

NO REGION plays such a large part in the Gospel narrative as the clear lake between the mountains of Galilee, through which the Jordan flows, keeping up a supply of fresh water, but also coming out clearer than it entered. It is, therefore, only natural, that the shores are strewn, as it were, with many Eucharistic memories of our Lord's own time.

His saving presence during the frightful storm, which terrified even such experienced sailors as the four principal Apostles, is a symbol of that assistance which our silent Eucharistic Savior, coming to us as Viaticum, will render us in that last and most violent storm, which may cause our souls to tremble in their last agony. How consoling will then be His spiritual whispering: "Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith; have I not still the same power over all creatures, good and bad, corporal and spiritual; and have I not through mine own agony cast out the prince of this world?"

It was here that Simon Peter and his companions had worked all through the favorable time of night and caught nothing; but after Our Lord had descended into Peter's boat they caught, at His bidding, in daytime, which is usually unfavorable for fishing, a great multitude of fishes. And when Peter in his humility thought himself unworthy of our Lord's presence, he was at the same moment called with his brother and their two friends to become fishers of men.

Here we must pause to notice the difference between ordinary fishermen and those extraordinary fishers of men called by our Lord. In the fishing trade the fishes are caught for the benefit of the fishermen, and thereby lose their liberty and their lives. Not so the men enticed by exterior and interior graces into the net of holy Church; they are by holy baptism delivered from the slavery and the dangers of the treacherous pool of sin, which sends its careless inhabitants through the rapids of the Jordan to the Dead Sea, whilst the souls of the baptized are transferred into the pure stream of life, which flows from the cross.

Whilst the larger fishes in the sea feed on the smaller ones, here the reverse is the case. This truth we learn from the symbolism of the Catcombs; for there the fish stands as a symbol of Christ, the initials of *Jesus Christ* in Greek form the first two letters of the word for fish

(ΙΧΘΥΣ).^{*} Accordingly, we find in the Catacombs Our Lord pictured as a fish, carrying on his back a small basket, which contains bread and a bottle of red wine, the elements of the Holy Eucharist. Thus the Lake of Galilee, with its memories of the call of the Apostles as fishers of men, reminds us also that the great Eucharistic God-man wills to be the spiritual food of us, small fishes, caught through His ministers in and by baptism.

Of this feeding by our Blessed Lord the lake calls forth another memory. After the appearances of the risen Savior at Jerusalem the Apostles had gone, according to His commands into Galilee, and awaited Him there; but He did not appear to them immediately after their arrival. Saint Peter, always active, not wanting to idle the time away, invited his former partners, also Thomas and Nathanael, to join him at night in fishing; but their efforts were in vain. When in the morning they approached the shore, a stranger stood there and spoke to them. It was Jesus, whom they did not recognize, and who said to them: "Children, have you anything to eat?" When they answered "No," He said: "Cast out your net at the right side of the ship, and you shall find." So they did and found His promise true. In the meantime St. John had recognized the Master, and when he informed St. Peter of this fact, the latter in his fervor waded through the water to come quickly into the presence of the Master, leaving the others to beach the boat. When they all came ashore they found hot coals lying there, and a fish laid upon it, and bread. Here we see, that our Lord does not want to benefit by our efforts; on the contrary, the fried fish prepared by Him for the Apostles teaches us how the Savior was himself roasted in the fire of his bitter Passion, before He became our spiritual food under the appearance of bread.

It was only natural that on the Easter Wednesday, which I spent near the scene of this event, the significance of the Gospel story should deeply impress my mind. For in the Mass of that day, which I said in the chapel of the German hospice at Tabgha on the shore, the narrative formed the holy Gospel, and at dinner we

^{*} EDITOR'S NOTE:—The combined initials of the Greek words *Jesous Christos Theou Yios Soter*, (Jesus Christ, God's Son, Savior) taken in the order in which they follow, form the Greek word *ichthus*, which means fish.

were given fried fishes, which had been caught in the lake the night before. But in the course of the same forenoon we felt ourselves in a still closer touch with the Holy Eucharist, not merely by symbol, but as we thought by the local nearness to another important Eucharistic event.

We were walking along the seashore to the remains of the rediscovered synagogue of Tel Hum, which many with good reason believe to stand on the original site of Capharnaum. The building had, before the war, been excavated by a Protestant German Society, but the ground is now in the hands of the Franciscan Fathers. The lower part of the building is well preserved. On worn-out steps we ascended through one of the several doorways into the interior with its stone pavement, its stone benches all around, and the walls which still stand to a man's height. The bases of the massive stone pillars, which had carried the gallery running on all four sides, are mostly preserved, also some broken pillars are still in their original places, whilst outside there are still whole columns lying about.

Some archeologists assign the building to the second century, but a learned Franciscan Father has found reasons to show that it belongs to our Lord's own time. That such a structure could be erected in Palestine by the workmen of that time is proved by the buildings of Herod in Jerusalem, in Samaria, and especially in Cesarea. As after the destruction of Jerusalem the synagogues were oriented towards the holy city, the eastward direction of the one at Tel Hum would suggest that it belongs to an earlier time. It is also remarkable that whilst the fine ornamental carvings in the masonry are typically Jewish, there is in one stone the carving of the imperial crown of Rome, a design which would scarcely be placed there by the persecuted Jews of the second century. This ornament points rather to the fact, that here we may have the synagogue built by that humble Roman centurion who said to Our Lord: "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof, but only say the word, and my servant shall be healed," truly for us an interesting Eucharistic memory. But if this were the synagogue of Capharnaum, we should possess in it the most important Eucharistic monument still existing in its original form; for the walls and pillars of the synagogue of Capharnaum reverberated the sacred words of the promise of the great mystery of faith, written in the sixth chapter of Saint John's Gospel: "I am the living bread, which came down from heaven. . . . Not as your fathers did eat manna and died. He that eateth this bread shall live for ever." To which St. John adds: "These things He said, teaching

in the synagogue, in Capharnaum." These memories on this deserted and ruinous spot close to the seashore are apt to move the heart to deep reverence and gratitude. If once the fact of its identity with Capharnaum is established with greater certainty the synagogue will be restored, and will be transformed into a Chapel dedicated to the Most Holy Sacrament, in which the privileged pilgrims will utter with deep humility and joy the praise of the Holy Eucharist: "BLESSED BE JESUS IN THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT OF THE ALTAR."

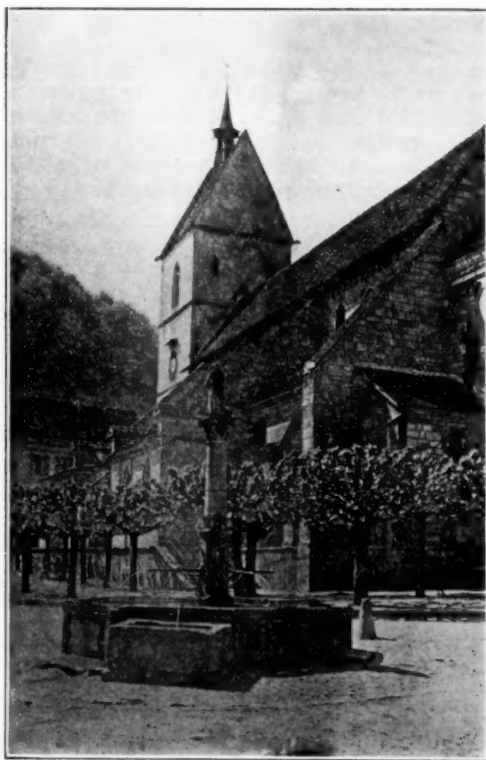
Jesus is alone worthy of your whole heart.—
St. Alphonsus.

Lilacs

NANCY BUCKLEY

Two sprays of purple lilacs in my room,
Beside a window open to the Spring;
I lift my eyes and suddenly their bloom
Lends witchery to each familiar thing.

A touch of wind; a gentle dash of rain;
The lilacs stir. . . . A memory from dead years
Revives within my heart the bitter pain,
Within my eyes the well of futile tears.



THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF ST. URSANNE

Unexplored Switzerland---St. Ursanne

ETHEL HUEGLI-CAMP

ST. URSANNE. This is the name you read on a little railway station in the Bernese Jura which you pass in going from Delle to Berne. Between two long tunnels you get a glimpse of a dent in the mountains through which a river has dug a deep bed between lofty cliffs and, nestling near, a tiny village, or what seems like a tiny village, reflected in the green waters of the Doubs. The vision hardly has time to be stamped on your memory before the train has carried you past it. And yet, what would be the delight of anyone touring Switzerland, if he would take the trouble to discover St. Ursanne! I say discover, for to the greater part of the traveling public it is entirely unknown. Ignorant of its existence, therefore, no one stops there, but passes on blindly to the next place on the itinerary, thus missing one of the greatest treats Switzerland reserves for her guests.

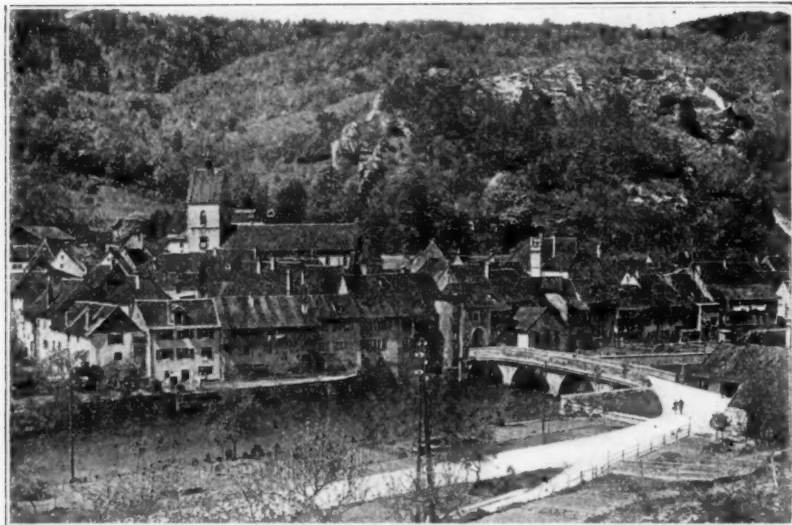
St. Ursanne is a rare jewel lying deep down in its verdant casket, a museum with a rich collection of adorable antiquities that whisper entrancingly of by-gone days, a peaceful burg recalling feudal times by preserving intact down to the present day its characteristic appearance of long ago. St. Ursanne seems to have forgotten that the XVIIth century has rolled away, so identical are her looks today with what they were in this long past period.

There she lies in her old-fashioned beauty, on one of the only spots between the Doubs and the mountain wide enough to contain a town.

The famous monk, St. Ursanne, friend of, and co-worker with, St. Gall and St. Columban, found a cave here many centuries ago and chose it as the dwelling place where he might finish his days in contemplation and prayer. He died December 20th in the year of Our Lord 620 and later the site of his tomb furnished the foundation for a chapel built by pious hands in his honor. Subsequently one of the powerful monastic orders of the Continent, under the leadership of Queen Bertha of Burgundy, founded there a convent and built a church. In the VIIIth century it belonged to the Abbey of Grandval, and Rudolf, the last King of Burgundy, made a present of it to the Prince-Bishops of Basle who fortified the town. This, briefly, is the history of St. Ursanne, which explains the peculiar plan on which it is built.

Imagine this plan—a well-drawn rectangle. On the upper line are perched ruins of the stronghold where the former noble seigneurs of St. Ursanne used to live. Then come the side lines of the square, two parallel ramparts flanked by watchtowers that run down, one on each side of the church, to the river where they turn and meet, thus forming the fourth side of the square. These walls effectively bar off the

valley which they command, leaving no passage except through three monumental gates of superb construction surprisingly well preserved, of which one leads over the stone bridge that spans the Doubs. Backed up inside these walls are the houses of St. Ursanne, little, old dwellings with towers and gables, their façades decorated with coats of arms and Latin and Gothic inscriptions interesting enough to make an archaeologist's mouth water. In the very middle is the town square into which lead tiny little streets, and



ST. URSANNE—IN THE BERNESE JURA—SWITZERLAND

in the center of the square is a fountain with an attractive statue of the saint. The jewel of jewels, however, and that which alone would warrant a visit to St. Ursanne, is the Collégiale with its cloisters. This rare specimen of pure Romanesque architecture is a chef-d'oeuvre of its kind. The choir, built in the XIth century, is a marvel of style erected to protect the sarcophagus containing the saint's remains. The nave is early Gothic, its walls covered with richly colored frescoes once hidden under a thick coat of whitewash but recently restored, revealing a whole storehouse of beauty to the delighted eyes of the archaeologist. The cloisters form another architectural jewel with a richness of sculpture which resembles the finest of lace.

The historical value of the church and its cloisters is so great that the Swiss Confederation, recognizing this, has set it apart as a national monument and will see to it that it is forever preserved from any act of vandalism.

Words fail to express either the beauty of all this architecture or the charming impression which St. Ursanne leaves on one. A German artist-poet, Aloys Wohlmuth, found there inspiration for an exquisite collection of verse and sketches. But it is far better to go to St. Ursanne oneself than to read about it. One feels suddenly plunged into the Middle Ages, part and parcel of the nobility of that epoch. And one feels, better than one sees, that St. Ursanne is more than a mere collection of beautiful things; it is a site founded by human friendliness and human affection, in memory of a saint whose life gave the impulse to the creation of such loveliness. In sum, lovely St. Ursanne inspires you more with emotion than loud enthusiasm, for is she not the outcome of the prayers of a saint on his knees in a cave?

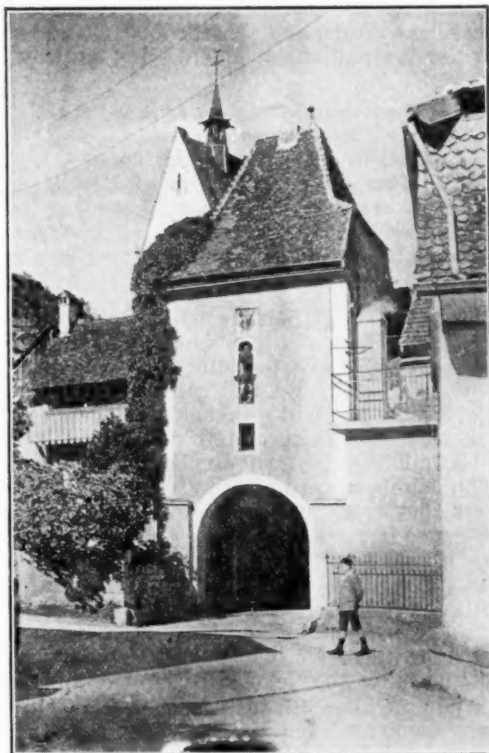
The Gentle Art of Saying Pleasant Things

(Continued from page 305)

joyous laughter to bubble irresistibly from their mouths?

People sometimes say in a triumphant way: "She was absolutely mad with me. I took her down a peg I can tell you, and she positively hates me." They look quite charmed with themselves and their own disagreeable remarks as though it were something to boast of, to have caused pain and annoyance and by so doing earned the enmity of their friends.

Then there is the brutally truthful person who invariably makes the most unpalatable statements, and says with pride: "You know, my dear, I am your sincere friend and perhaps



MEDIEVAL GATE AT ST. URSANNE

I may be painfully truthful, but I am honest and downright."

It is all very well to be honest and true, but is it not better to draw the line at a truthfulness that does not verge on brutality, but is brutal, unequivocally brutal and cruel.

Why not give pleasure instead of pain? Why not ignore disagreeable subjects, and if we must talk—as I surmise we must as long as we live in this very gossipy and avidly news-seeking world—let our words be genial and sympathetic, let our stories be as amusing and mirth-provoking as we can make them, but without malice or uncharitableness: let us cultivate the gentle art of saying pleasant things.

Here is another quotation from our apostle of kindness: "The genial man is the only successful man. Nothing can be done for God without geniality. A genial man is both an apostle and an evangelist, an apostle because he brings men to Christ; an evangelist because he portrays Christ to men."

Let us remember how precious kind words are to Our Blessed Mother, Mary Immaculate, and when a sharp retort or biting sarcasm, or even a thoughtless but probably unkind jest rises to our lips, let us for the sake of her Divine

Son and for her own sake, check the sarcastic or careless words, and substitute a pleasant remark or sympathetic comment. Let us pray to her:

"Check thou the laugh or careless jest
That others harsh may find,
Teach me the gentle words of love
That soothes the anxious mind.
Put far from me all proud replies,
And each deceitful tone,
So that my words at length may be
Faint echoes of thine own."

Yes, dearest Mother, we will strive to make our words echoes of thine, and we hope that by doing so we may give pleasure and perhaps happiness to others; we will cultivate the gentle art of saying pleasant things, remembering that while they cost us absolutely nothing, they afford exquisite enjoyment to others.

The double reward of kind words is the happiness they cause in others, and the happiness they cause in ourselves. Surely it is preferable to earn love than hatred, to cause laughter, not tears, to receive blessings instead of curses—and it is so easy, so very easy all we have to do is to have love one for another. We never willingly hurt those we love, therefore let us love all mankind as the Beloved Disciple enjoins us.

"And now I beseech thee, lady, not as writing a new commandment to thee, but that which we have had from the beginning, that we love one another."

The Eucharist and Obsequies

(Continued from page 298)

or from wounds in it; those who have given orders to cremate their own body; all other public known sinners. When ecclesiastical burial had to be denied to a person it is also forbidden to have for him any funeral Mass, anniversary, or other *public* service."

"A good commentary on the law we can gather from the words of Cardinal Vaughan at the time of Queen Victoria's death in 1901. He says: 'Of public religious service for the dead the Catholic Church knows of none but such as she has instituted for the souls of her own children. For them the Requiem Mass, the solemn absolution, and the Catholic funeral office form the only memorial service for the dead in her liturgy, be their remains present or not. . . . Of other rules for the dead the Church has none. At the same time we may remind you that it is lawful to those who believe that any persons have departed this life in union with the soul of the Church, though not in her external communion, to offer private prayers and good works for their release from purgatory. The Church

herself forms no judgment on a matter which must remain the secret between God and the individual soul. What then can we do? Gladly and eagerly shall we join in the purely civil and social mourning as in the civil honors that will be generously offered by the nations to the memory of such a queen. Where there are church bells they will be tolled in sign of mourning and the national flag may be run up half-mast either within or without the precincts of our church.'"

At this moment the church bells began to toll, Mr. Clyne looked surprised at Father Gilbert: "Somebody dead in the parish, Father?" he asked quite sympathetically.

"Yes, Mr. Herron down the street departed this life about an hour ago. He will be buried day after tomorrow."

"Say, Father, could you get me one of those missals that have the English prayers alongside the Latin. I want to follow those beautiful petitions which you quoted in part while ago."

"Very well, I will have one for you by tomorrow."

"Daily Communion," says a reader of THE GRAIL in a recent letter, "makes life not only bearable but beautiful."

I have so great a desire for Holy Communion that, had I to walk over a fiery road barefoot, it seems to me the pain would cost me nothing in comparison with the privation of a single Communion.—St. Margaret Mary.

In joy and in sorrow, in success and in failure, in the morning of life and as its evening hours pass noiselessly, by the strength of our selfless saintly lives must stamp us as the friends of Christ.—F. P. Le Buffe, S. J.

Christ to the Unfaithful Soul

The following is a free translation of the famous lines traced on the walls of the Cathedral of Lubeck.

MARY E. MANNIX

Thou callest Me Master—and heedest not me;
Thou callest Me Light—and I shine not for thee!
Thou callest Me the Way—and dost follow Me not;
Thou callest Me Life—and My name is forgot;
Thou callest Me Truth—and defilest thy soul;
Thou callest Me Guide—and despisest control;
Thou callest Me Lovely—withholding thy heart;
Thou callest Me Rich—and desirest no part;
Thou callest Me Eternal—nor seekest My truth;
Thou callest Me Merciful—wasting thy youth;
Thou callest Me Noble—and draggest Me down;
Thou callest Me Almighty—nor fearest My frown;
Thou callest Me Just—oh! if Just then I be,
When I shall condemn thee reproach thou not Me.

The Mother of Her Son

FLORENCE GILMORE

THE nineteenth century was rich in noble lives; and listening to their echoes, it would be difficult to find any more beautiful than the very simple, very humble story of Margaret, the mother of Venerable Don Bosco. No one refers to him, or to his great work, without mentioning her. Her memory lives in the shadow of his. It must please her, even in heaven, that this is so—unless, indeed, it annoys her that it lives at all.

Margaret Occhiena, the daughter of a farmer, was born in Piedmont, Italy, in 1798, and at a very early age married Francis Bosco, a peasant of the neighborhood. She was only nineteen—hardly more than a child, according to our standards,—when she was left a widow with a stepson and two sons of her own to support on very slender means. Piedmont then belonged to France, and at the time of Margaret's girlhood the Revolution had closed nearly all its schools, so she never learned to read and write; but her respect for learning, sound sense, and deep piety supplied many a deficiency; and her heart was big and tender, her kindness proverbial. In a word, she was that most beautiful of all earthly things: an ideal Christian mother. It was this that made her—little as she suspected it—not only one of the truly great women of her time, but also one of the most widely known.

The young girl-mother was careful and marvelously wise in her dealings with her boys. Only constant prayer could have taught her how to be, at the same time, so gentle, so tender, so merry, yet so pitiless against self-indulgence and wrongdoing. Her children slept on the floor; they had only dry bread for many a meal; they were never permitted to be idle. Without wearying them by preaching she knew how to draw salutary lessons from the ordinary occurrences of their lives. At one time, for instance, John had a young owl to which he was much attached. Having been given a basket of cherries, he offered one to his pet, who swallowed it, stone and all, and opening his beak cried for another. After he had eaten it, he wanted a third, and John impatiently held out the basket, saying: "Take as many as you like; you'll soon grow tired of them." The owl ate voraciously until he choked to death; and when the boy carried the little body to his mother, she exclaimed, "The end of gourmands! Nothing hastens death more than gluttony and intemperance."

On another occasion it was their dog who furnished her with a text for a terse sermon. She and her boys owned a dog of whom they were fond, but knowing that her parents wished to have one, she gave him to them. Again and again the faithful, affectionate creature ran away from his new home and returned to Margaret's, and in eloquent dog fashion begged to be permitted to stay. "What gratitude and love he has toward us to whom he is indebted for no more than a little petting and some scraps of food. Would that we were half as grateful to God to whom we owe everything that we have in this world, a soul created to His image, and the prospect of happiness for all eternity," Margaret said earnestly to her boys.

Little wonder that one day, when she said to John, "You should thank God for having given you a good father," quick as a flash the boy replied, "Yes, but I thank Him even more for giving me such a mother."

To the end of her days Margaret remained poor; she had no ambition to be anything else, but she made every sacrifice to procure for John, her promising younger son, the early advantages which had been denied her, and to assist him toward the goal of their ambition for him: the holy priesthood. With the assistance of a zealous and kindly priest his education was begun when he was twelve or thirteen years of age, and from the first he showed remarkable aptitude. Soon, the idea of becoming a religious took possession of his soul, and he sought the advice of the curé in regard to becoming a Franciscan. The curé went at once to Margaret.

"I hear that you wish to become a friar," she said to John.

"Yes, Mother; and I know that you will not oppose me."

"Certainly not; but the curé thinks that perhaps I may, lest some day I should need your help. Do not allow any such consideration to influence you, but only God's glory and the salvation of your soul. I have been poor all my life, and if God wills it, I shall be content to die in poverty."

However, after praying and consulting a wise director, John decided to become a secular priest; and when, at length, his end was attained, and he was ordained, in the summer of 1841, his mother's words to him were:

"Now you are a priest, my beloved child, and very near to Our Lord. The apostolic life is a

life of suffering. I do not ask ease for you, but courage."

After Margaret's three sons were grown to manhood and settled in life, two of them in the station to which they had been born, and John as a priest in Turin, God gave a second, far larger and more troublesome family into her care: a work so big and so pitilessly exacting that in comparison with it the toil of her early years was light and easy.

In the early days of his priestly life Don Bosco frequently accompanied an older man who visited the city prisons, and the moral and physical misery which he saw in them almost broke his heart. He soon learned that: the greater number of the criminals had had little or no religious training, many had grown up on the streets—orphans, or the children of neglectful parents, most of them were uneducated, and none had acquired habits of industry. How to safeguard children, who were growing to manhood as those prisoners had gone, became the life problem, the life work of Don Bosco. Begun quietly and in poverty, his Oratory was destined to grow marvellously and to strike root in many lands.

Kindly and tactfully he gathered poor and neglected boys about him to instruct them in their Faith, to amuse them, to teach them a trade, and to give them at least the rudiments of an education. In February, 1842, he had twenty boys under his care; in March, thirty; a year later, four hundred. Obstacles beset him. Well-meaning but conservative persons found, and were not slow to express, a score of objections to his methods; and those who lived near his meeting places objected to having hundreds of low-class children throng the neighborhood. Besides, penniless himself, Don Bosco had a struggle to find even such meagre funds as contented him.

But the work was of God, and it grew, and grew rapidly. The rough shed which he first used as chapel, school, and recreation center was soon the haven of seven hundred boys. When things had reached this point Margaret joined her son. They engaged lodgings nearby, and for the ten remaining years of her life "Mama Margaret," as the children called her, devoted herself to the boys of the first Salesian home.

Don Bosco had been at home for some time, recuperating after an accident. When he was able to resume work, his mother returned with him. Having no money, they walked from the old home in Murialdo to Turin, Don Bosco carrying a missal, a breviary, and some copy books; his mother, a basket of linen and her clothes. Their new quarters consisted of a room apiece, hers serving as kitchen and dining

room as well as sleeping place. And after their long walk and their first scanty meal in these cramped quarters, they spent the evening singing hymns of thanksgiving, the mother and son together.

Margaret began her new life by sacrificing to the work all that she owned, selling her little house in Murialdo, its furnishings, and the heavy gold chain which, like every Italian country girl of her day, she had received as a wedding gift. She made vestments of dresses which had been in her mother's family for generations; and of her linen she made surplices and altar clothes. Before her son Margaret smiled bravely over these arrangements, but to an old friend she confided that she had wept in secret to part with her treasures.

To each one of hundreds of wild, troublesome little boys Margaret became a mother. All day long, and day after day, for ten years she cooked, washed, mended torn clothes, tended her garden, and nursed the ailing. "Bring as many noisy boys as you like; they will never be too many for me, so long as you do them good," she would tell her son.

It only adds to the humanness, and even to the beauty of her story that at times Margaret's courage faltered. Occasionally, when the children had been particularly trying, she would say to Don Bosco,

"Listen, John, I can do no good here. The boys are incorrigible. One upsets the table with all my washing still damp upon it; another tears his trousers; one has so many holes in his stockings that I do not know where to begin to mend them. And my poor garden! I had already replanted it. I cannot stay. Listen to reason, John, and let me go back to Murialdo and spend the remainder of my life in peace."

Without a word Don Bosco would point to the crucifix which hung on the wall, and Margaret would understand. "You are right, John; you are right," she would say, and cheerfully go back to her work.

Ordinarily she was first to defend the boys. When one of them amused himself by frightening the chickens and driving them into the next field, her sister ran after the little rogue, crying, "Let the chickens alone! If you do not bring them back I shall send you away!" Going to see what was amiss, Margaret said, "Patience, Maria; I will scold him, but you see he has quicksilver in his veins."

In 1854 Asiatic cholera broke out in Italy, and in Turin, and the country round about, its ravages were appalling. Don Bosco and forty of his larger boys volunteered as nurses; and Margaret, remaining at home to keep all in order there, was at the same time the prop of those sons of hers who were fighting the epi-

demic. She supplied sheets and night clothes until her cupboards were empty; then she gave her table cloths until not one remained. "Take it; we cannot cover the table when the sick poor need linen," she said to the boy who received the last one. With Don Bosco's permission she even gave the altar linens.

Indulgent to the boys, as indulgent as she dared to be to Don Bosco, to the last, Margaret was stern with herself. She never partook of the simple delicacies which were provided for great feast days. She never spent a cent for her own comfort or convenience. Year after year she wore the same old cloak, until it was so faded and shabby that no one could tell what its color had been. Don Bosco besought her to get another. On one occasion he even prevailed upon her to accept five dollars to buy it. Two weeks passed, and the new cloak had not appeared, so her son questioned her about it.

"I do not see you wearing your new cloak," he said.

"Cloak! I cannot buy a cloak without money," Margaret answered innocently.

"But the five dollars I gave you to spend for it?"

"Gone. I could not waste so much on a cloak, as there was a small sum due at the grocer's; then, one boy wanted a tie, and another a pair of shoes. How ties and shoes and all such things do impoverish the mother of a large family!"

When she died she owned no dress except the one in which she was laid out. Her friends asked Don Bosco for souvenirs of her, and he gave them permission to take whatever they could find; but she had owned nothing.

By 1856, ten years after Margaret reached Turin, her son's work had won many friends, and he was able to build a suitable boarding school. It rejoiced him to think that, at last, both his mother and the children were to be comfortably housed: but "Mama Margaret" felt that the new quarters were not meant for her. "Those fine long corridors were never built for a poor old woman like me," she protested, when the school was almost ready for occupancy. As it happened, instead of moving into the new building, Margaret was confined to bed in her old room. For some time her health had been failing, and she now sank rapidly. Her son was inconsolable. He administered the Last Sacraments, and she said that it was sweet to receive them from his hands. In the early morning of the twenty-fifth of November, 1856, very peacefully and quietly she died.

Don Bosco's work was solidly established; and hers was done.

Temperament

M. E. WATKINS

WHAT is temperament? Is it selfish whims and the paths of least resistance of our pampered youth of today? Or is it what the educated, cultured, and great minds define as genius and its inspiration, manifesting itself in some creative faculty?

In small children the same trait is spoken of as "spoiled"; in those of whom we are not so fond, we term it "bad temper," but for ourselves and those we wish to shield, we are given to call it "temperament."

Can we place the entire blame on the shoulders of the young? Frequently, lack of manners, want of morals or general stability is brought to the attention of a parent, who simply replies: "Well, you know how temperamental my child is," and the child is allowed to remain "temperamental," doing as the spirit moves, without considering the consequences of the action or its effect on other people, for this is less troublesome for the parent than to bother to correct the child.

Does moodiness, non-observance to usual courtesies of social existence, no self-control and bad temper, come under the head of "temperament"?

To protect ourselves from open attacks on all sides it is necessary in life for everyone to wear a daily mask behind which one's real self is hidden. These masks are worn for motives, both good and bad.

A noble woman will stoically carry her hidden sorrows, fears, and cares behind a brave, smiling mask, which hides the tear, and disguises pain, suffering and loneliness. Such a woman is blessed with poise and self-control and is never known to be given to "temperamental" outbursts.

If we genuinely and honestly look within ourselves, behind our official masks, we shall not be deceived by this misnomer, temperament, but acknowledge it is only bad temper after all, and with shame for its outburst we will strive to gain greater self-control.

Unless the owner can point out to his or her work as "such and such are the creations of my temperament," it were wiser to lay idiosyncrasies and ill humor at the door of something more explicit and more capable of being possessed or realized.

Go to Jesus with love and confidence. Go and live by Him, that you may live for Him. Oh! what a sweet life is this life of union with God. —Ven. Cure d'Ars.

Afternoons in Rome

Four Interesting Churches

NANCY BUCKLEY

ONE bonny afternoon finds the pilgrim ascending the Janiculum hill to visit the church of S. Pietro in Montorio, so called because of the golden sand found here.

The spot on which this Church is erected was for many centuries venerated as the place of St. Peter's martyrdom. Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain built this church and placed it in charge of the Spanish Franciscans.

It consists of a nave with chapels in the form of large niches. There are some good paintings, one representing the scourging of Christ by Sebastiano del Piombo showing the marvelous technique of this painter's anatomical power. Other fine paintings are by the scholars of Perugino.

Originally the greatest art treasure of this church was Raphael's Transfiguration. Napoleon carried this off to Paris in 1798 but it was later restored and placed in the Vatican. Fortunately so, for if it had remained in the Church it would have been surely destroyed in the siege of 1849 when the Tribune and Bell Tower were shattered by French shells. In front of the high altar is an unmarked grave, that of the unhappy Beatrice Cenci, whose history has been the subject of many romances.

In the nave are the tombs of the famous Irish chiefs: Hugh O'Neill; his son; and Roderick O'Donnell, who, unsuccessful in their struggle for liberty, came to Rome to end their days.

In the cloister of the Monastery is the Tempietto of Bramante, a small domed building built by the great architect on the supposed site of St. Peter's martyrdom. In front of this church there is an entrancing view of Rome that is probably unrivalled. Behind the church is Fontana Paolina, famous even here in a city that is so rich in marble fountains. Its water comes from springs near Lake Bracciano.

The walks around the Janiculum are well designed to show the glorious views. The pilgrim lingers for a moment at the oak where Tasso, illustrious genius, used to come and seek inspiration for his famous poems.

* * * * *

The Church of S. Susanna soon becomes familiar to the many Americans who visit the Eternal City, for it is their own church, designated by Pope Benedict XV in January 1922 for the American residents and visitors in Rome, and placed in charge of the Paulist Fathers. To Californians it has an especial interest, for its Rector is Rev. Thomas Lantry O'Neill, for many

years in charge of Newman Hall at the University of California.

The church is in the Via XX Settembre adjoining the American Embassy. Holy Mass is celebrated on Sunday and holidays at 6, 7, 8, 10:30, with short sermons in English; week days at 6, 7, 8. Every Sunday there is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and confessions in English are heard every morning from 6 to 9, and from 4 to 5 on Saturday afternoons and on the eves of holy days and first Fridays.

The history of S. Susanna is very interesting. The patron saint is S. Susanna, a Roman maiden who was martyred in her father's house by order of the Emperor Diocletian because she refused to break her vow of virginity and marry his adopted son. The house in which she lived was dedicated as a chapel in her memory by Pope Caius. 400 years later Sergius I built a church over the chapel. Leo III rebuilt the church in 800 and held in it an important public meeting with Charlemagne, who enriched it with many gifts. The church was again restored in 1475 by Sixtus IV, and the final restoration, as we see it today, was made in 1595 by Cardinal Rusticucci, Vicar of Clement VIII.

The noble façade of the church was designed and erected by Carlo Maderno, who also designed the façade of St. Peter's Basilica. The interior is adorned with frescoes portraying incidents in the life and martyrdom of S. Susanna. The story of Susanna of the Old Testament, painted on the walls, was chosen by the artist because she bore the same name as the Roman martyr, and because she so wonderfully showed her fidelity to the virtue of chastity.

Under the altars of the church rest the bodies of the following Saints: Santa Susanna, Virgin and Martyr, whose feast is the 11th of August; St. Gabinius, Martyr, father of Santa Susanna; St. Felicitas, Widow and Martyr, who witnessed the martyrdom of her seven sons; St. Eleutherius, Bishop and Martyr; St. Genesius, Patron Saint of Actors; and St. Silvanus, youngest son of St. Felicitas.

In order to help the many Americans here for the Jubilee indulgence, Father O'Neill, with his usual foresight and thoughtfulness, had posted on the notice board outside the Church the conditions for gaining the Jubilee Indulgence.

Very few Americans and certainly no Californians ever come to Rome without calling on Father O'Neill and receiving from him his most cordial and characteristic welcome to the Eternal City.

* * * * *

No pilgrim leaves the Eternal City without spending an afternoon in the beautiful churches of Il Gesu and S. Ignazio. The Gesu is in the

Piazza del Gesu and is one of the noblest churches in Rome.

The present church was commenced in 1658 from designs of Bignolo; additions were made later by his pupil, Giacomo della Porta. When the pilgrim enters he is astounded at the exceedingly rich and ornate interior, at the profusion of decorations, at the bronzes and marbles, at the rich and glowing frescoes and paintings.

The church is in the form of a Latin cross, the ceiling, representing the triumph of the name of Jesus, is by Gaulli who together with Raggi decorated the whole church in excellent taste. In the left transept is the altar tomb of S. Ignatius of Loyola, said to be the richest altar in Rome. It was designed by Brother Pozzi, S. J., and is wonderful in its beauty and nobility.

The summit is crowned by the figures of the three Divine Persons in white marble. The globe of lapis lazuli in this group is the largest piece in existence. Above the altar in an ornate niche, lined with lapis lazuli, stands the noble silver statue of St. Ignatius, designed by Le Gros and surrounded by silver statues of angels. In the bronze shrine beneath the altar reposes the body of the great saint who ranks very high among the gallant defenders of the Church.

Opposite in the altar on the right transept there is preserved in a golden reliquary the right arm (still incorrupt) of St. Francis Xavier. This right arm with which the heroic Xavier baptized thousands in India and Japan, is deeply venerated by the throngs that come day after day to the Gesu.

The brilliantly lighted little chapel between St. Ignatius' altar and the sanctuary of the high altar is the chapel of Madonna della Strada—"Our Lady of the Wayside." In it is preserved the ancient picture of Our Lady and the Holy Child. Wonderful jewels surround it and sparkle in the light from many lamps and candles. The picture is one of the Society's most precious possessions. Before it prayed St. Ignatius, St. Francis Borgia, and that trio of angelic youths, Sts. Aloysius, Berchmans, and Stanislaus.

People are constantly kneeling before it in prayer and the many ex-votos surrounding it testify that the Madonna has not been deaf to their pleading.

After leaving the Gesu, the pilgrim visits the rooms of St. Ignatius, which were preserved intact when the house of the Saint was taken down in order to construct the large professed house of the Gesu. They consist of four chambers, the first one, now a chapel is that in which he died. It contains the altar at which he celebrated daily Mass. On its walls are two por-

traits of St. Charles Borromeo and St. Philip Neri. It was in this room also that St. Francis Borgia died. The second room was that of the brother who attended St. Ignatius; the third also a chapel, was the one in which Ignatius received visions from the Holy Trinity and the Blessed Mother. Here he wrote the Constitutions of the Society. The fourth, contains relics of St. Ignatius and other saints of the Society.

With a prayer to the glorious Ignatius the pilgrim leaves this hallowed spot and goes to the Church of St. Ignatius.

It is in the Piazza S. Ignazio, and was built by Cardinal Ludovisi in 1625. Its proportions are noble and the wonderful decoration of the ceiling and apse are the work of Brother Pozzi, S. J., a master painter renowned for his skill in perspective. But exceeding greatly in interest these frescoes of Brother Pozzi are two of his greatest works: The altars in the right and left transepts beneath which repose the bodies of the young saints Aloysius and Berchmans in wonderful urns of lapis lazuli.

The tomb of St. Aloysius has a large marble bas-relief by Le Gros representing the saint in glory. Two boy angels in Parian marble are seated on either side of the tomb.

The tomb of St. John Berchmans resembles that of St. Aloysius in richness of design and beauty of material. After visiting the rooms of these two saints, the pilgrim reluctantly says a prayerful farewell, promising himself that if time permits he will come again to Il Gesu and S. Ignazio.

What is the special grace of the Blessed Sacrament but spiritual sweetness and Eucharistic joy?—Faber.

Vigil

AMY POWERS

Golden my little taper glows,
Here at Thy altar fair;
Brightly its jeweled beams arise
In the still, fragrant air.

So may my whispered prayers ascend,
Like to its steadfast flame;
Humbly my soul knows Thou art near,
Softly I speak Thy name.

Rapture and shining peace are mine
In this quiet, holy place.
Sweetly the shadows murmur of
The beauty of Thy face.

Lord, it is wonderful and blest
To watch with Thee apart;
Oh, let me feel through passing years
Thy touch upon my heart.

Children of the Dawn

Mercedes Estrada

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

THE waters of the Gallina River reflected the robin's egg blue of the New Mexican sky. Along the bank were strung picturesque little adobes. Farther back, at the foot of San Rafael Hills, was the chapel with its white-washed walls. Surrounding it was the graveyard with a border of trees whose gnarled trunks bulged with knots. Within the chapel was a blue-and-gold altar, waxy angels, darkened niches.

Layers of rose-colored light lifted from the sands on the shore. Tinted by the angels and yet—

"It is six years since I heard Mass," said Mercedes Estrada, a graceful Mexican girl, to Señora Estavan, as they came from the chapel.

"I attended Mass in Las Vegas last September when I took my Anita down to school," said the Señora.

"Some day, we will have Mass here once a month," said Mercedes. She had been four years at the convent school in Donna Ana, and realized the spiritual poverty of her people.

"Mercedes, we were the first Catholics in this country. More than eighty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, Father Marcos de Nizza planted the Cross in New Mexico and Arizona," said the Señora as they walked toward their homes. "With other churches here, and workers, it is difficult for some of us to keep the Faith."

"Some day, some day," said Mercedes, "we will have a priest, sisters, and daily Mass."

"It is in the distant future," said the Señora, as they parted at the Estrada home.

It was of dun-colored adobe, low, squat, and long. Her father owned countless sheep, and employed many herders who lived in isolated cabins in the barren reaches beyond San Rafael. He was a direct descendant of Juan de Oñate, who married Isobel Tolosa Cortes Montezuma. Oñate it was who brought the first sheep to New Mexico in 1598. Also he brought a band of friars under Father Martinez, and on September 8, of that same year, Oñate and his men celebrated the completion of the first church in New Mexico.

Time was when the Estradas owned the entire village of San Rafael and two hundred thousand acres of grazing land to the north. At the close of the Civil War many Americans came to New Mexico. The Estrada land was held on grants from the viceroy of Mexico. They neglected to have it quitclaimed by Con-

gress, and consequently lost two thirds of their holdings.

Every morning Mercedes went to the chapel and visualized herself at the convent chapel, following the priest as he read Mass. She taught catechism to the children of the village, led evening devotions in the chapel, visited the sick, and hoped for the day, when a priest would come to them.

Fainting

INDIANA STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

EVERY one should know what to do in case he or some one else faints. You never know when you may be called upon to use this knowledge.

People faint in crowds, on trains, in street cars, they faint at the sight of accidents, or in time of emotional stress, and prompt action on the part of an onlooker and the administration of a simple first aid treatment until the doctor arrives may mean the saving of a life.

Fainting used to be a much more popular pastime than it is today. Our grandfathers and grandmothers remember the Mid-Victorian heroines who could be depended upon to faint whenever the dramatic setting called for such a situation. Although fainting has lost its popularity in fiction, nevertheless fainting is a real condition and people do faint sometimes today just as in former times.

Fainting is not confined entirely to women and children. Strong men are known to faint. Fainting is a temporary loss of consciousness and is due to an insufficient supply of blood to the brain.

The tendency to faint does not depend always upon physical strength. Strong men have been known to faint sometimes from very slight causes. A person may faint from exhaustion, from weakness, from hemorrhage, from extreme heat, from lack of air, or from some emotional shock. Fear may produce fainting. The

(Continued on page 326)

The Eternal Feminine

MYRTLE CONGER

Just see the bargain I bought today,
Marked down from eighty to sixty-nine,—
Only think of it! Isn't that fine?
At Batem-Ketchums—What's that you say?

That Markem-Right sells the very same gown,
Just across the street for sixty-two?
Well, you stupid dear, I know they do,
But what of that? Those are not marked down!

Notes of Interest

From the Field of Science

—Radio fakers are preying on the gullible. Every new invention in the field of electricity has been exploited for quackery, and radio is no exception. Quack doctors are to be found who pretend to cure cancer and what not with "electrons," and "radiations," sending out invisible rays to receive visible money. Other fakers pretend to communicate with the dead, and demonstrate the receiving apparatus whilst an accomplice in the next room sends the spirit message from a low power transmitter. Some people fear the 'death ray,' the 'evil radio eye,' and at least one person paid a quack for a supposed 'radio opposer' that looked and tasted like pills of carbonate of soda.

—Aristotle, centuries ago, founded the peripatetic or "walking about" school,—today we are to have the seagoing varsity. A large steamer will carry faculty and students around the world during the coming school year. The students will cruise as they peruse. The fog horn will serve as a chapel bell, and the seven seas will be the campus.

—The California condor with a wing spread of from nine to twelve feet is probably the largest flying bird in the world. For its egg museums pay from \$1,500 to \$2,000. The bird appears doomed to extinction.

—When do we grow old? It is a popular idea that the rate of growth increases up to maturity and then declines as old age advances. But if the rate of growth means the proportion of new matter to the old, we find that the rate of growth is greatest in the intra-uterine period, whilst after birth, the rate of growth steadily falls. In other words, senescence or growing old appears to start with birth.

—1,800 miles is a long distance for milk to travel. And still more remarkable, it arrived in good condition. It was placed in a glass-lined tank car, cooled by special system of refrigeration. The car travelled from Wisconsin to Florida.

—There is gold in sea water, but not in paying quantities.

—Skull operations as a cure for crime are reported to be failures, according to Dr. S. T. Franz, psychologist at the University of California.

—Why does one child have blue eyes, whilst the sister or brother has brown? An answer would solve the mystery of heredity. Of late years the Mendelian law has gained much ground among biologists. Mendel was an Austrian Augustinian abbot who died in 1884. As a result of breeding experiments with sweet peas, he announced certain conclusions now summarized under the Mendelian law or Mendelian inheritance. This law states, in the first place, that characteristics such as tallness, color, etc., as handed down by parents to offspring, may be treated as separate units. It is implied in this view that these unit characters are conveyed

by certain substances or structures from the parents. These substances are of unknown nature but are called, for convenience sake, "determiners" or "genes." In some cases, parental qualities may apparently blend, as a mulatto from a white and black parent. In most cases there is no blending, but an alternation of the one or the other quality, the one quality being dominant, the other recessive. For example, if one parent has brown eyes, and the other blue, the offspring will all show the dominant characteristic, say the brown eyes, but the other characteristic, the blue eyes, will be present as a recessive or concealed form. If two such hybrids have offspring, in all probability three out of four will show the dominant characteristic, but the fourth will show the recessive, thus three brown-eyed, and one blue-eyed. Moreover, one of the brown-eyed will be purely dominant, whilst the other two will be dominant-recessive. The following formula will show the result, in which D stands for dominant, and R stands for recessive:

$$\begin{array}{c} D - R \\ | \quad | \\ D - R \end{array} = 1 \text{ DD, } 2 \text{ D(R), and } 1 \text{ RR.}$$

—An interesting argument against segregation and sterilization of mental defectives may be deduced from the foregoing Note regarding the law of Mendel. The argument is reported in an editorial of "The Lancet," the foremost medical and surgical journal of Great Britain. Granted that feeble-mindedness is hereditary, the author concludes from the Law of Mendel that sterilization and segregation of the mental defectives will not effect the end intended—namely, the freeing of the human race of feeble-mindedness. The reason is that the Law of Mendel finds the recessive form to be a *concealed* form,—in other words, a perfectly normal man or woman may be the secret 'carrier' of the quality of feeble-mindedness for future offspring. There is no known way to ascertain who is an unsuspected carrier of feeble-mindedness. It is estimated that about seven per cent of mankind are carriers of mental deficiencies in whose children or grandchildren the latent qualities will reappear. According to the formula in the foregoing Note, the mating of two apparently normal carriers will give one defective child in four, and half of the children will again be carriers. Professor R. C. Plunkett calculated that it would take about 8,000 years to reduce the percentage of feeble-minded in the population from the present three-tenths of one per cent to one in one hundred thousand, by segregating or sterilizing those who are themselves feeble-minded.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—For a complete change, many require a vacation, but for many a vocation is better.

—Many can still remember the prediction that Coué's teachings would injure the physicians' practice.

—The tractor and auto have so supplanted the horse that there are today only 4,152,000 more horses on the farm than in 1900.

—Many a true word is spoken through false teeth.

—To keep bacon from shrinking fry it in Lux.

—With all the talk of dictators in governments, it is well to remember that many a family has a dictator only two years old.

—Military experts predict that the next war will be fought by wireless. When static is at its height, it appears that war has already begun.

—Since the camel has been adopted as emblem of the dries, the wets might take to the blind pig.

—To make a living out of guessing contests, join the Weather Bureau.

—Some claim that the four years at College are wasted. If they are, they at least prove an education for father.

—Calling it a 'World's Series,' is typical of American modesty.

—Some candidates that itch for office have their names scratched.

—A cash register with a muffler is a needed invention for certain grafters.

—A good training for a diplomatic career is to act as judge for a baby show.

—A line of goods that customers push is the baby buggy.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—The Holy See has accepted the resignation of Rt. Rev. Augustine Schinner, consecrated Bishop of Superior in 1905, and for the past twelve years Bishop of Spokane, who will devote all his energies to the missions.

—Miss Stella Pokorny and her niece, Miss Edythe Pokorny, were killed outright by a bolt of lightning at Woodburn, Oregon, on September 16. Another niece was seriously injured, while a third niece escaped with but slight injury. All had been working in the garden. A storm came up and they sought shelter under a clump of small trees.

—The German National Catholic Congress, which was held recently at Breslau, was the most successful of its kind ever held in Germany. Cardinal Bertram who is Archbishop of Breslau, attended all the meetings. A congregation of 80,000 attended the open-air High Mass, which was celebrated by Mgr. Pacelli, the Papal Nuncio.

—Recently we have seen in print the desire expressed that blue vestments might be used generally in Masses in honor of Our Blessed Lady. A writer to the (London) *Universe* informs us that by special privilege blue vestments are worn in Masses of Our Lady in Lady Chapel at Downside Abbey Church.

—The destructive hurricane that swept over Florida and the Gulf States on September 18th left in its path ruin and desolation. An early estimate reported the loss of life at 365 with 1,100 injured, of whom probably 500 were in a serious condition. The loss of property runs into the many millions, possibly about \$165,000,000.

The ready response for relief was general throughout the country. Florida may be the playground of the nation, as it is sometimes termed, but it is not immune from tempests and other death-dealing, property-destroying caprices of tropical storms. It is only in more recent times that the wealth of the North had been developing this tropical state, which is said to extend below the frost line. If you want to be handed a lemon, go to Florida where citrous fruit grows. Most of us feel safer drinking lemonade a few degrees north of the tropics.

—Rev. Aloysius A. Breen, S. J., who for the past ten years has been editor of *The Queen's Work*, has been appointed president of Regis College at Denver. Father Breen will be missed at the Catholic Press Conventions, in which he has always taken an active part.

—In Germany 8,422 men of religious orders served in the World War. Of these 1,031 were chaplains, 2,089 were nurses, and 5,302 served in the ranks. 1,418 were killed or missing and 2,166 were wounded or incapacitated through illness. Priests, deacons, and subdeacons were exempt from actual military service.

—On September 26th, the feast of the recently beatified North American martyrs, there gathered at Auriesville, New York, where some of the martyrs died, 10,000 pilgrims for the celebration of the feast.

—As one of the results of the distribution of Catholic literature at Montrose, Colorado, where a violent campaign had been carried on against the Church, twenty persons applied for instruction in the doctrines of the Church with the intention of becoming Catholics. God knows how to draw wholesome honey from poison weeds.

—Those who have followed the accounts of the mission work that was carried on in Canada during the past summer by Rev. John M. Handy, C. S. P., and his mission band, who inaugurated street preaching, are highly elated over the results obtained. Street preaching is as yet unknown in the United States, which presents to the sower of the Good Seed, the Catholic priest, an extensive and uncultivated field. The arid soil, moistened by the dews of divine grace, would, no doubt, yield to the efforts of the plowman. Street preaching by priests who are capable, fully equipped to cope with the situation, quick of wit, at all times charitable, with the spiritual good of the non-Catholic ever foremost in mind, plus a generous distribution of Catholic literature, would surely yield a most abundant harvest. Unless great charity and zeal for souls characterized the apostles in this phase of mission work, their efforts would be practically nil.

—The Catholic church at Albertain, Maryland, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground.

—Brother Edmund, a Christian Brother, who was once the teacher of Cardinals Hayes and Mundelein, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his religious profession. It was reported that the Cardinals would attend a banquet held in honor of the jubilarian.

Benedictine

—The Rt. Rev. Michael Ott, O. S. B., whose resignation as Abbot-Ordinary of St. Peter's Abbey, Muenster,

Saskatchewan, Canada, went into effect some weeks ago, is teaching moral theology at St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Washington.

—Dom Wulstan Knowles, O. S. B., the first prior of St. Anselm's Priory, the Benedictine foundation at Washington, D. C., which has just passed its second anniversary, is now prior of the newly-opened priory at Portsmouth, Rhode Island, a second foundation made by the monks of Fort-Augustus, Scotland. Dom Wulstan has been succeeded at Washington by Dom Adrian Weld-Blundell, O. S. B., who came from the Fort-Augustus Abbey in September with three other monks for the new priory.

—The first ordinations to the priesthood to take place at Caldey Abbey were conferred on September 5th by the Archbishop of Cardiff.

—In 1826 King Charles-Felix, of Sardinia, restored Hautecombe Abbey, which was founded in the twelfth century by St. Bernard and Count Amedeus III of Savoy. The abbey, which is the burial place of the ancestors of Charles-Felix, is now celebrating the centenary of its restoration.

—St. Joseph's Church, Chicago, which is under the care of the Benedictines of St. Bede Abbey, Peru, Illinois, celebrated on October 3rd the fiftieth anniversary of the erection of the present church. Rt. Rev. Justus Wirth, O. S. B., the recently blessed Coadjutor-Abbot of St. Bede's, and for many years pastor of St. Joseph's Church, celebrated Pontifical High Mass for the first time on that occasion.

—The Benedictines at Washington have opened near the Catholic University St. Gertrude's School of Arts and Crafts for retarded children. The school, which is a remodeled cottage, is under the immediate supervision of four Benedictine Sisters who were chosen for their competency in this work. Dom Thomas Verner Moore, O. S. B., widely known as an eminent psychologist and specialist in mental and nervous diseases, is in charge of the institution, which at the outset limits the number of pupils to ten girl boarders and several day pupils, all of whom are between the ages of eight and thirteen. A cottage for boys will be added as soon as circumstances will warrant.

—On September 7, 1924, a community of Benedictine Nuns took possession of their newly built monastery of St. Erentraud at Kellenried, near Weingarten in Wuerttemberg. On August 7th of this year the monastery was raised by the Holy Father to the dignity of an abbey. On September 7th, one month later, the first abbess, Domna Scholastica von Riccabona, was blessed at Pontifical High Mass, which was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Sproll, Auxiliary Bishop of Rottenburg. The beautiful ceremonies for the blessing of an abbess were carried out after the Gospel of the Mass according to the liturgy of the Church. The townspeople of Kellenried turned out the evening before to congratulate the abbess-elect and attended the Mass in which the solemn blessing was conferred.

—The first half of September brought red-letter days for the Benedictines of Weingarten Abbey. On the

3rd, the anniversary of the consecration of Rt. Rev. Abbot Ansgar, one choir novice and three lay brother novices made their profession for three years. On the 10th, the feast of the Dedication of the Church, two clerics, Frater Maurus Mauch and Frater Konrad Winter, made their solemn vows during Pontifical Mass. This is quite an historical event for monastic life at Weingarten, since no solemn vows had been pronounced there for over a century. It seems to indicate that God's blessing rests upon the new community that reopened the Abbey four years ago. A link with the past lies further in the very probable relationship of Frater Maurus with Father Sebastian Mauch, who was one of the last monks of Weingarten before the suppression in the days of Napoleon. On the Sunday following the same two clerics were ordained subdeacons by Rt. Rev. Bishop Sproll, Auxiliary of the diocese of Rottenburg, who was the honored guest of the Abbey for a few days.

—On the night of September 21 a great disaster befell Mt. Angel Abbey in Oregon. A destructive fire of uncertain origin annihilated the work of years. The abbey, college, library, museum, in fact, all buildings, except the post office and the printing office, were reduced to ashes in a few short hours. Fortunately no life was lost. The fall term of school had just opened with a large enrollment. The students returned to their homes or went to other schools for the present year. The loss occasioned by the fire is heavy. It will probably be close to a million dollars. The chanting of the divine office in choir, however, continues in the neighboring church of Mt. Angel. St. Benedict lays down in his rule that nothing should be preferred to the "work of God," as he calls the divine office. It is the desire of the community to take up their school work again in 1927. The Abbey of Mt. Angel, God willing, will arise from its ashes and continue its work of prayer, education, and the press. We offer our heartfelt sympathy with the ardent wish for a speedy recovery, and commend the stricken community to the charity and generosity of the readers of THE GRAIL. —A later bulletin announces the opening on October 5 of the ecclesiastical seminary in temporary quarters in the town of Mt. Angel, where the community is likewise temporarily located. High school classes for day scholars were also resumed.—The *Catholic Sentinel* of Portland says that there was but little insurance on the buildings that burned and that, moreover, they were encumbered by a heavy mortgage.

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the solemn benediction of the Rt. Rev. Fidelis von Stotzingen, O. S. B., as Abbot of Maria Laach, but now Abbot-Primate of the Benedictine Order, with residence at Rome, will occur on November 11. At the invitation of the Rt. Rev. Abbot Martin Veth, O. S. B., the celebration of the event will take place at St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas. The Rt. Rev. Abbot-Primate is on a visitation tour of the Benedictine Abbeys in this country.

No tongue can express the sweetness that the fervent soul finds in the Holy Sacrament.—St. Thomas.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

A Living Saint

Good Christians love to think of the army of God's saints among whom they hope to be numbered for all eternity. To adore God in company with the pure souls who have gone before us is a thought too sweet and too overpowering for poor sinful men. We even envy those who have been privileged to see and dwell with real saints here on earth. But if we only stop for a moment to consider, we know that we too are living in the midst of saints,—pious and virtuous people who are habitually in the state of grace and who will one day be among the elect in heaven. Perhaps they will never be canonized officially by the Church, for many a little flower blossoms in God's garden of souls and passes away unseen and unsung by men. Moreover, there are few of us who have not at some time been in the presence of one who breathed forth an odor of genuine sanctity; one to whom we should apply the name saint in a deep and special sense.

Just now there comes to mind a character of this type. She is a nun, a consecrated virgin of the Master. It was our privilege to meet and converse with her for but a few moments. The first impression was that of an unassuming nun of extraordinary vitality and good nature. In the course of the conversation we made a complimentary remark about the religious community of which she is both Foundress and Superioress. Turning her head aside she made a gesture of impatient displeasure which bespoke real humility. It was so sincere and spontaneous that we received our first reminder of the nun's holiness. After a bit she began to speak of mission work among the colored people of this country. Turning to a little colored girl who was busy nearby, she asked a few questions about the girl's standing and future plans. Then with an almost supernatural flame of zeal burning in her eyes she said, "My, what a tremendous responsibility you have in returning to live among your own people. What a great opportunity to bring them into the true Church." The look on her face as she spoke these words thrilled our soul and has often brought to our lips the words—"a living saint."

Two dominant notes have marked the life of this holy woman. The first is a great devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. The community which she founded bears the name "Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament," for, not content with offering her own prayers to the Eucharistic King, she has gathered about her a band of Virgin Spouses whose entire lives are consecrated to the Prisoner of Love.

The second distinguishing mark of this saintly nun's life is devotion to missionary work. As a young lady of enormous wealth and most promising worldly opportunity, she became impressed by the neglected condition of our home missions. To the conversion of despised negroes and persecuted Indians she determined

to devote herself and her fortune. Nay, more—she founded a community of nuns who are dedicated solely to missionary work among the Negroes and the Indians of the United States. It is safe to say that no one of this generation has contributed more to the upbuilding of the home missions than Mother Katherine Drexel and her Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

It takes real mettle to be a saint. How we admire the heroic determination, the fibre of steel found in the saints of God. The grace of God operating in and through the human will of the saint works a miracle so supernal and divine that we poor sinful mortals quail at the thought of even being called to so high a vocation. But all the while we know that the more devotion we have for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament,—love of God in its highest form,—and the more devotion we have to the missionary work of the Church,—love of man in its highest form,—the nearer we approach to the plane of the saints.

What Makes a Perfect Meal?

BETTY BARCLAY

A PERFECT meal is a rarity. Most diners are apparently quite content with a near-perfect one. Yet we who serve three meals a day, three hundred and sixty five days a year, are constantly striving to make our meals perfect—to reach that peak of success that always seems just beyond our grasp.

A perfect meal, at least to most of us, must be an economical meal. We must not pay too much for the food used, and we must see to it that any left-overs can be used in attractive dishes for a meal to come. Some few do not have to consider this element of economy, but the great mass of housewives surely do have to consider it—from day to day. Economy, therefore, must be regarded as an essential of that perfect meal.

Wholesomeness? Yes, this must be considered—and carefully considered. The foods served should be easily digested. They should by all means be clean. They should be the kinds of foods that will build up strong, healthy bodies.

A third essential is variety. Perhaps this causes more worry than anything else connected with the preparing and serving of meals. "What to serve" is always a vital question. Although there may be hundreds of foods, the average woman does not make use of them all—not by any means.

In some homes the parsnip is seldom seen. In others, eggplant and kohlrabi are actually "foreigners." A third group of women never use mushrooms, while a fourth do not pretend to even know what cowpeas are. Artichokes, asparagus, cabbage sprouts, collards, beet greens, dandelion greens, leeks, lentils, okra, rhubarb and squash are among the other foods that many do not eat—and we have merely touched a few of the well-known vegetables.

If we take up grains, fish, fowl, meat, nuts, fruits and dairy products, we will find dozens of other ex-

(Continued on page 325)

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AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—Europe has a great number of Sacred shrines, many of which have been renowned places of pilgrimage for centuries. "Pilgrimage at Kevelaer" is the name of the painting in The Grail Calendar for November. Since the year 1642 Our Lady of Kevelaer has been a famous place of pilgrimage in the Rhein Province of Prussia, which is in western Germany.

This picture is evidently a vision of Our Lady of Kevelaer to a sick person who has been praying for the recovery of health which, judging from the expression of the face, is now restored. The other figure in the picture is that of a woman whose head is evidently bowed in prayer for the sick person. She seems not to be aware of the vision.

The editor of the CORNER would be pleased if some or one of the readers would write for the CORNER something about the shrine of Our Lady of Kevelaer. Perhaps some of you have been there or have friends who have visited the shrine.

The new calendars for 1927 are very beautiful and we hope that each of the readers will procure one.

Small pictures on the November page of this year's Calendar are All Souls on the 2nd, St. Elizabeth on the 19th, Presentation of the B. V. M. on the 21st, St. Cecilia on the 22nd.

Thanksgiving Day, the 25th, is also the feast of St. Catherine.

Other saints of the month are:—Sylvia, Charles Borromeo, Laetus, Leonard, Willibrod, Godfrey, Theodore, Andrew Avellini, Martin of Tours, Martin—Pope, Didacus, Josaphat, Gertrude, Edmund, Gregory the Wonderworker, Romanus, Felix Valois, Cecilia, Clement—Pope, John of the Cross, Silvester, Maximus, James of the Marshes, Saturninus, Andrew—Apostle.

Bible verses for the month:
Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

He that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live.

Who is the man that shall live and not see death? The life of a man upon earth is a warfare, and his days are like the days of a hireling.

Blessed are those servants whom the Lord shall find watching.

The fear of the Lord hath set itself above all things. The expectation of the just is joy.

Give to the Most High according to what He hath given to thee.

It is appointed for men once to die, and after this the judgment.

As in Adam all die, so in Christ all shall be made alive.

Thou shalt make me as the clay, and Thou shalt bring me into dust again.

We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come.

Man is like a vanity; his days shall pass away like a shadow.

All flesh is as grass: and all the flower thereof as the flower of the grass.

Evil men have no hope of things to come, and the lamp of the wicked shall be put out.

Boast not for tomorrow, for thou knowest not what the day to come may bring forth.

Weep but a little for the dead, for he is at rest.

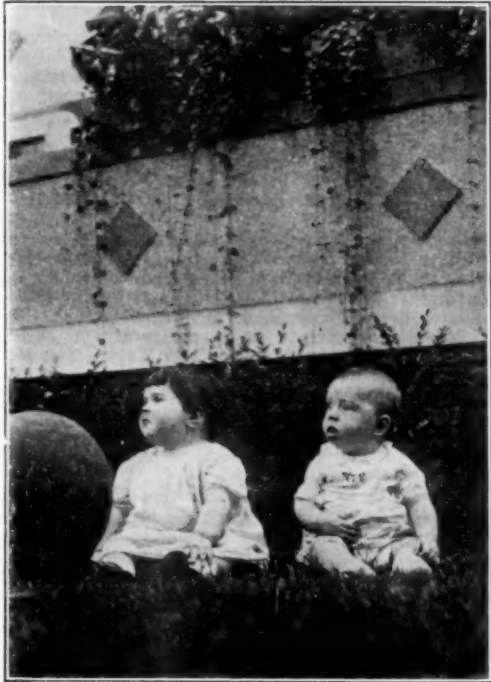
Who will give me wings like a dove and I will fly and be at rest.

Think of me, and take not revenge of my sins, neither remember my offences.

We shall have many good things if we fear God, and depart from all sin.

My soul hath coveted to long for thy justification, at all times.

Let thy mercy come upon me, O Lord: Thy salvation according to Thy word.



MARGARET JEAN AND BILLY
TWO JUNIOR CORNERITES IN IOWA

Be thou mindful of thy word to thy servant, in which
Thou hast given me hope.

November is the month of the Poor Souls.

It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the
dead.

May the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace.
Amen.

Have mercy upon them, O Lord, and let perpetual
light shine upon them.

The Two Little Boys

The good little boy and the bad little boy
Both live in the house with me.
But it is quite strange—I can look and look,
Yet only one boy I see—
Just one little boy with sparkling eyes
And the funniest pudgy nose,
All brimful of life from the top of his head
To the tips of his ten little stubby toes.

And yet there are two of them, I am sure,
For one is a bad little boy,
And I am sorry he lives here
To bother the good little boy;
Yes, pester and bother the good little boy
Till he sometimes drives him away,
And the bad little boy is alone with me
For the rest of the long, long day.

And I ask him to go for the good little boy.
And bring him again to me;
But I take him up and hold him close
While I talk to him lovingly;
And while I am talking he sometimes laughs,
But oftener far he cries—
And I see that the good little boy is back
As I look into the bad boy's eyes.
—Grace C. Crowell.

The Story of Mary's Little Lamb

Few are living today too old to have listened in childhood days to that classic of the nursery, "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Mother and nurse have told and retold it in jingle; even father has taken a chance on it more than once, but scarcely one of them rated it higher than a mythical story set to jingle pleasantly on childish ears. The real story told by the real Mary—Mrs. Mary Sawyer Tyler—to her nephew, Charlie Sawyer, of Cambridge, Mass., has never been in print before.

After prefacing his story with the statement that his aunt's home still stands on Redstone hill, and that she was very fond of animals from babyhood, he gave her story as she told it to him.

"One cold, bleak March morn I went out to the barn with father, and after the cows had been fed, we went to the sheep pen and found two lambs that had been born in the night. One of them had been forsaken by the mother, and from lack of food was nearly dead. I saw she had still a little life and asked to take her into the house but father said no, the animal was almost dead anyway, and at the best could not live but a short time. But I couldn't bear to see the poor thing suffer, so I teased until I got it into the house. Then I worked upon mother's sympathies. At first the little creature could not swallow, and the catnip tea mother made she could not take for a long time.

"I got the lamb warmly wrapped in an old garment, and held it in my arms beside the fireplace. All day long I nursed the lamb, and at night she could swallow a little, but even then I was not sure she would live, so I sat up all night with it to look after her comfort, and in the morning, to my girlish delight, the lamb could stand, and from that time it improved rapidly. My pet soon learned to drink milk and from the time she could walk she would follow me everywhere.

"Why, I used to take as much care of my lamb as a mother would take of a child. I washed her regularly, kept the burdocks picked out of her feet, and combed and trimmed with bright-colored ribbon the wool on her forehead. There were not many little girls to play with and I had few dolls, but I used to dress up my lamb in pantallettes and had no end of pleasure in her company.

"The day the lamb went to school I hadn't seen her before starting off, and not wanting to go without her, I called. She recognized my voice, and soon I heard a faint bleating far down the field. My brother Nate said, 'Let's take the lamb to school with us.' Childlike, I thought that would be a good idea, and quickly consented. The lamb followed along close behind me. There was a high stone wall to climb. It was rather hard to get over it, but this finally was done."—Exchange.

When Mother Went Away

Once mother had to go away
(We thought we'd have a lovely day
'Cause daddy planned to stay at home);
So mother packed her brush and comb,
Her nightie and a few things more,
And when the cab was at the door,
We all ran out to hug and kiss her,
And never thought how much we'd miss her.

First, some one down town telephoned,
And daddy turned around and groaned,
And said, "To bad! I'll have to be
At the office, kids, 'till half-past three."
Then Phil fell down and cut his knee,
And cried as hard as hard could be;
I tied it up as best I could,
But not as well as mother would.

On Friday mother went away,
And that's a most unlucky day!
We broke the darling Chinese jar,
In the cupboard where the queer things are,
And I got caught on nails and tore
All my new dress on the big barn door.
If mother'd been at home, I know
That things would not have happened so.

And when at last we went to bed,
And daddy came, he only said:
"All right? Good night, then, kiddies dear,
I wish that your mamma was here!"
He never tucked us in at all,
But turned the light off in the hall!
(Our mother always leaves it lit,
So that we're not afraid a bit!)

Then in the night I had a dream
That almost made me cry and scream,
But mother wasn't there that night
To comfort me and hold me tight,
And talk and laugh away the fright.
Our mother came back home today,
And me and Phil and daddy say
That she must never go away

Any more! —Edith B. Pice.

At Sunset

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for
With troubles enough of your own.

The little act of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Most Difficult

Someone asked an old physician, well over eighty years of age, who had made a fine success, what was the most difficult thing he found in life. After a moment's thought the old man replied: "I have had a great many troubles in life, but most of them never happened. The hardest thing I have had to do in life was to keep the troubles that never happened from worrying me, wasting time and energy to no purpose and leaving me unfit to do the next duty."

As Cardinal Mercier once said, "The whole duty of man is to do God's will today." And if you would do that well, have no vain regret about the past, nor idle fears about the future.—O'K Service.

Things Worth While

Not what you get, But what you give;
Not what you say, But how you live,
Giving the world the love it needs. Living a life of nobler deeds.
Not whence you came, But whither bound
Not what you have, But whether you're found
Strong for the right, The good, the true
These are the things Worth while to you.

—Exchange.

Letter Box

(All communications for the LETTER BOX should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

We hope that there will be many contestants for the "Fidelity" button that we are offering. Lest you forget, we want to remind you to write letters that are neat, legible and interesting.

Don't forget to write with pen and ink (or with typewriter) on one side only of paper.

Leave a margin of one inch at left edge of paper, and one-half inch at right edge.

Sign your name and grade at right of paper, and age at left.

Your letter must contain at least 300 words. It may be longer if you like.

Correct English must be used.

There must be no misspelled words.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Again I am writing with the hope of having some of the Cornerites write to me.

Alice Lautner and Katherine Reilly, my correspondents, must have broken their arms because they haven't written for a long time.

I believe some of the Cornerites are rather timid about writing to each other but all to whom I've written are very nice.

I am fourteen and would like to receive letters from both girls who have, and who haven't written to me before. I shall answer all letters within a brief period.

I'll close with love to all Cornerites.

Marie Reinhardt, 716 Lami St., St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

The Grail has been a monthly visitor in our home for a quite a long time, and I would like to become a cornerite. I love to read the letters in the "Corner." They are very interesting. I am 16 years old and would love to receive some interesting letters from some of the cornerites. I belong to St. Basil's Parish. Just recently we had a beautiful new church built. It is located right on Garfield Boulevard and all the motorists that pass admire our new church. Our pastor is Father Bennett.

I would like Catherine Barrett to write to me, for I'm very interested in her trip by automobile.

I will be very glad to answer all letters. I hope to receive some. I go to high school and love to read about trips and adventures.

I also approve of Josephine Hafner's plan about pins for Cornerites and would be very proud to wear one. I will close now, hoping too see this letter published.

Florence Paschke, 5240 S. Marshfield Ave., Chicago,

Dear Aunt Agnes

I have just read some letters of the corner so I thought I would write to please you. I want to join the corner. I go to St. Paul's School and am in the eighth grade. I am 12 years old.

The town of Tell City is not very large but is nice. We have a Catholic school and church. We have 478 pupils in school.

I will write again soon and tell you more. I hope to see my name in the Corner and hear from some of the other girls and boys. I will answer all letters promptly.

Address your letters to Agnes Berry, 833 Main St., Tell City, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have read the Grail for over a year and enjoy the corner very much.

I am sixteen years old and this is my third year at Wilson High School.

I hope I will be admitted to the corner and would like to hear from boys and girls 16 and over. I will answer all letters.

Clarence Lyons, R. F. D. 28, Newfane, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

We are two girls, Catherine and Mary, thirteen years of age.

Catherine has taken the Grail for about a year and we have both read it, enjoying it immensely. Our attention is at present centered upon "Mary Rose, Graduate" and "Hidden Gold." At first we paid little or no attention to the Corner, but as we read the letters of the Cornerites we became more and more interested until at last we have decided to make an attempt at braving the dangers that beset our path in the person of Mr. Wastebasket.

We graduated last June from St. Ignatius Grammar School and intend to enter St. Joseph's Academy in September. Our pastor is Rev. Fr. T. Hanrahan, and our teacher in the past year was Sister Mary Patrick. We are members of the choir, which is conducted by Sister Mary Michael.

We are in favor of Josephine's suggestion and we hope there will be many "ayes" to uphold it.

Hoping we shall be admitted to the Corner and that other Cornerites will write to us, we wish to be,

Your new nieces, Catherine Fay, 3278 W. 98 St., and Mary McCaffrey, 3123 W. 101 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Exchange Smiles

Little Joe, 5 years old, was studying from a spelling book, and after a few minutes, said:

"The spelling book is all wrong, mother."

"Why?" asked his mother.

"It don't look right for a little thing like a kitten to have six letters and a big cat to have only three."

Mother: "Sometimes there are rude boys in Sunday school who giggle and smile at little girls, and sometimes little girls smile back at them, but I hope my little girl does not behave like that."

Small Daughter: "No, indeed, mamma; I always put out my tongue at 'em."

A young priest, noted for his punning, was dining at a parishioner's house last Sunday, and he was passed a plate heaped with roast chicken.

"Well, here's where that chicken enters the ministry," he remarked, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Hope it does better there than it did in the lay work," responded the bright son of the family.

A little boy asked his father, a confirmed dyspeptic: "Dad, did Moses suffer with indigestion?"

"I am sure I don't know," snapped his father, whose temper was rather soured by his infirmity.

"Well, I think he must have had it, for our teacher told us on Sunday that God gave him two tablets."

Cornerites! Attention!

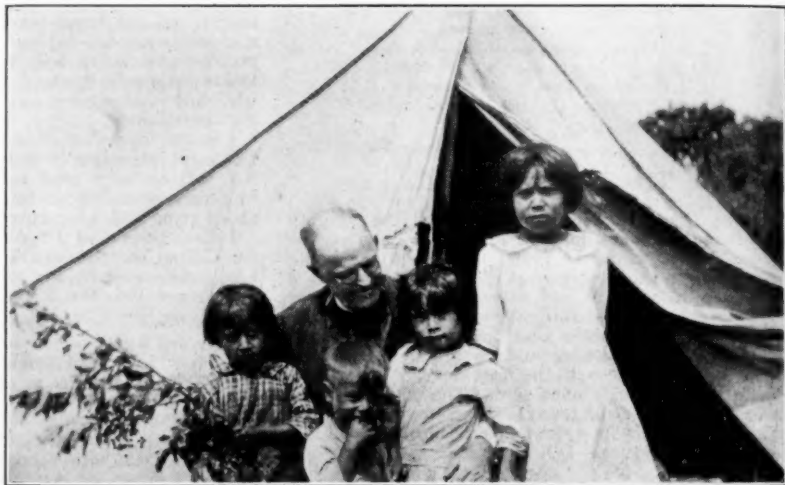
Here we are introducing to you again Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., the Indian missionary at Fort Totten, North Dakota, with a "bunch" of fine flowers of his flock—prairie flowers. "What do you think of these kiddies?" he writes. "Are not they worth working for? Of such is the kingdom of God."

SHALL FIFTY YEARS' OF SERVICE BE DESTROYED?

Last month we told you how gratified we should feel, if it would be possible for THE GRAIL, with the help of its many readers, to gather enough money to build for these children of the prairie a school in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Sorrows, to whom the mission is dedicated. By a ruling of the Government, which forbids the religious garb or habit in Government schools, the Grey Nuns, who are now in charge, will soon be compelled to leave, unless the Catholics of the United States build a school for them. From this you will see how necessary it is for us to do something. The good Nuns give their service and their lives, can we not give them at least a home in which they can carry on the work of God? — For fifty-two years these devoted religious have been instructing the Indians at Fort Totten. Would it be right after fifty golden years—during which they have saved many souls—to neglect this portion of the Lord's vineyard and abandon these little ones to their own fate? Surely it would not.

A PLAN

Last month we suggested a plan whereby the "Cornerites" could add their mite to the great work. Re-



FATHER AMBROSE WITH FOUR LITTLE INJUNS

member that many small gifts (with a few large ones thrown in) will build a school and keep the Sisters among the Indians. Now, dear "Grail Missionaries," I am sure that you want not only a share, but a big share in this grand work. Let us get busy at once and organize units or bands of "Grail Missionaries" of ten to a band at ten cents each, or, if you prefer, make it twenty to a band at five cents each, that would be one dollar to the band. Talk this over with your friends, schoolmates, and playmates. Get your older brothers and sisters, also your parents to join your band. Who will form the first band of ten, or twenty, as explained above? Christmas is not far off. Make the Christ Child a present of a band or two. We are eagerly waiting for the Cornerites to display their zeal in behalf of these Sioux Indian children, for we know that they are brimful of energy and zeal for the missions.

Bobby was sent to the dairy for some eggs. A little later he came back with a crushed paper bag held tightly in his arms and splashed all over.

"Bobby," exclaimed his mother, "what has happened?"
 "It's all right, mother," gasped Bobby. "I let the eggs fall but I only lost the juice out of them."

Teacher: "Use 'statue' in a sentence."

Abie: "Ven I came in last night mine poppa says, 'statue, Abie?'"

The little daughter, though not very well, was quite as chatty as usual.

"I'm a hundred today," she told her visitor.

"But you told me yesterday that you were only four."

"Oh yes," replied the child, "but that was birthdays. This is temperachooers."

What Spelling!!!

A stranger in our land was he;

He tried to learn our spelling.

He thought it would as easy be

As buying or as selling.

He tried to write, but couldn't quite

Learn to spell it wright or right;

He couldn't tell just where he stood

When using cood or wood or shood.

He had to stand a lot of chaffing

When cruel people started laffing.

Then other things confused him so,

As doe and dough, and roe and row,

And mail and male, and sale and sail,

And many more that turned him pail.

Said he: "I left my wife and daughter

In other lands across the waughter,

I wanted much to bring them here,

But they will have to stay, I fere.

And I must leave you." With a sigh,

He added: "Else I'll surely digh."

—Exchange.

At the Gates

Long ago in India there lived a holy man. For several years this good man performed many kind works. At the end of that time he counted the three steps that took him to the doors of Paradise, and knocked loudly till he heard a voice. And the voice said:

"Who is it that knocks?"

"It is your servant, Lord, who seeks entrance," replied the holy man.

But there was no answer and the gates remained closed.

Then the man went away and performed many other good deeds, and for seven years lived a beautiful life, working for others. At the end of that time, he once more mounted the three steps, and tapped loudly at the portals of Heaven.

"Who is it that knocks?"

"It is thy slave, O God!" he replied.

But the doors never moved.

"Ah," thought the holy man. "I have been selfish. I must not think of myself. In future I will do good for its own sake."

So he went away and for seven more long and weary years he strove to live a noble life, and his selfishness completely vanished. At the end of those seven years of toil he went up the three steps leading to Paradise, and knocked gently.

And he heard the voice which said:

"Who knocks there?"

And he answered:

"It is your child, my Father."

And the gates opened and he walked in.—Exchange.

The gates were down, but Oscar Shay

Decided to his sorrow

To speed across the right of way.

—His funeral is tomorrow.

—Exchange.

What Makes a Perfect Meal?

(Continued from page 320)

cellent foods that the seeker after variety seldom, if ever, makes use of.

Fortunately for those who do not care to try unknown foods, variety may be secured by serving old stand-bys in new ways—almost as easily as by discovering new foods. An unexpected touch to a favorite soup; an added thickener to a pie; a new flavor to an omelet; or a delightful addition to a well-known dessert—these may be attained quite easily.

Perhaps the most essential feature to a perfect meal is that it be well-balanced. Not so many years ago housewives paid little attention to balancing a meal. In fact, few of them had heard of such a thing. They used foods in season, or in stock, and when someone in the family suffered from too much of some certain food constituent, the family doctor was supposed to take care of him.

Today, dietitians are endeavoring to have meals served that will prevent illness because of their balance. Carbohydrates, proteins, fats, minerals, salts and vitamins—all necessary—are advocated in their proper proportions.

"But I can't take time to learn of these things," the housewife cries. "I am too busy. There are too many things to do around the house. If I were younger, I might start properly, but I have been cooking and serving meals for too many years now to adopt new methods. Is there not some easy way in which I may serve a perfect meal without studying about such things as proteins and vitamins?"

Yes! There is. I do not mean that the one who adopts it will be able to work as intelligently with foods as the one who spends a few hours once in a while to study foods, but at least she will be able to serve foods much more intelligently than she now does.

All she needs to learn is that most of us eat too much meat, white bread, and potatoes; most of us eat too heavily, particularly in hot weather; most of us drink too little water; and most of us fail to secure enough milk, fruit, and green vegetables.

This is the secret of health in a nutshell. Follow it, and the results will soon be obtained.

Right here the housewife rebels.

"My children will not drink milk," she says. "We do not care much for eggs." She finds a dozen excuses without the slightest trouble.

And yet, these excuses are really not excuses at all. A little careful thought, and they may be met with a smile. For instance, serve a tapioca pudding or cream to the family that does not care for milk, fruit, or eggs. In it, the family will not only secure each of these foods, but in addition will secure the very nourishing and easi-

ly digested tapioca itself. In fact, through the serving of a tapioca cream, they will get an almost perfectly balanced dish. If with it is served a rich vegetable soup, a small portion of meat or fish with potatoes and a green vegetable or two, a slice or two of bread and a cup of cocoa or milk—well, there is not much else needed to reach that "perfect meal" that is so much sought after.

Some may cry "no tea," "no coffee," "no meat," and "no white bread." Perhaps we eat or drink too much of these, yet there is no reason in the world why people may not retain health and still enjoy these foods and beverages in limited quantities—provided they balance their meals.

Here is an excellent recipe for the tapioca cream mentioned as one perfectly-balanced dish. Try it once, and then instead of duplicating it exactly for the next time, use some new fruit or nut as suggested. You will find that this will soon become an old standby, yet one that you will serve in so many attractive ways that it will always reach the family with the thrill of a new dessert.

TAPIOCA CREAM

1 quart hot milk, 1/3 cup quick-cooking tapioca, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg, flavoring, pinch of salt.

Cook tapioca and salt 15 minutes in hot milk in double boiler, stirring frequently. Add 1 tablespoon of cold water to the egg yolk and beat well. At the end of 15 minutes stir the egg yolk and sugar slowly into the milk and tapioca. Cook until it begins to thicken like custard.

Remove from heat and whip in the beaten egg white. Add vanilla, orange, or any flavoring desired. The white of egg may be used as meringue if preferred.

This is delicious poured cold over any fruit or berries, either fresh or canned. Raisins, prunes, figs, dates, or nuts may be stirred into it while cooling.

Fainting

(Continued from page 316)

mental element plays a very important part in almost all fainting attacks.

The symptoms of fainting should be recognized. A feeling of weakness comes over the patient and black spots float before the eyes. The face becomes pale, then greenish-yellow, and the lips lose their natural color. Cold perspiration breaks out on the forehead. There is a tendency to yawn. The pulse is rapid and weak. The respiration is very shallow. Finally the patient sinks back in his seat or falls to the ground unconscious. When accidents occur, fainting is by no means uncommon, and you should know that it may be possible to check a fainting attack provided the proper course is taken when the symptoms are experienced.

When the beginning of the attack is felt or noticed it often may be checked by lowering the head between the knees. If this is done and the

symptoms still continue, you should lie flat on your back. If a couch or bench is available you should immediately lie down and allow the head to hang over the end or side. If you are trying to check a fainting attack in another person remember that the face is the indicator you should watch.

In all cases of fainting it is important that the fainting person should have plenty of fresh, cool air. A supply of fresh air will often bring about recovery. Dashing cold water on the face or chest is also useful. Smelling salts or a few drops of ammonia on a handkerchief held under the nose at intervals a few moments apart until the patient has taken one breath will assist in recovery.

Ordinarily, however, all that is required is a recumbent position with the head lower than the rest of the body. If consciousness does not return after a few minutes and after the above outlined measures have been resorted to, you should lose no time in summoning a physician. These measures which we have just described are essentially first aid treatment and in most cases of fainting they are sufficient to restore consciousness.

Abbey and Seminary

—September closed with a cold wave, but October brought some rather sultry weather along in her workbasket, also a plentiful supply of rain and humidity. Six days later Boreas sent another chilling breath from the arctic zone.—To the North and West floods were reported with great loss of crops and other property.

—Our neighbors at Ferdinand are rejoicing in the hope that they may soon be connected with State Highway 16. The commissioners in both Dubois and Spencer Counties have granted the petition for the construction of the short stretch of road—about three miles—that will form the connecting link. This will intersect the highway near Mariah Hill. The State Highway Commission will supervise the construction.

—State Highway 16 is now completed to New Albany. This Highway, which was opened up to traffic on October 12, gives us a short route to Louisville. The stretch at the west end—to Lincoln City—is nearing completion, and will probably be opened up within a few months. Surfacing with gravel is now in progress.

—A bus line now connects St. Meinrad with the busy world. The following schedule went into effect on October 19: Leaving Evansville at 7 a. m. and at 1:30 p. m., the bus arrives at 9 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.; leaving Louisville at 7 a. m. and 1:30 p. m., it arrives at 9:50 a. m. and 3:20 p. m.

—Father Stephen Thuis, O. S. B., gave an organ recital at St. John's Church, Vincennes, on Sunday evening, October 3. A very fine organ was installed recently by the pastor, Rev. C. O. Bosler, class of '04. Father Stephen is a son of the parish. Father Thomas, O. S. B., delivered an oration before the recital.

—The heavily-laden apple trees, covered with rosy-cheeked fruit, was a beautiful sight to behold in September and early October.

—Fratr Gabriel pronounced his solemn vows at Einsiedeln on September 12. Fratr William, a subdeacon since last year, wrote that he was to receive deacon's orders before returning to Rome for the opening of the fall term of school. Both have enjoyed the vacation at the renowned Swiss abbey. Mountain climbing was not excluded on occasional hikes.

—James Lehman and Edward Van Bogaert, both of Louisville, who completed the course of the Preparatory Seminary last year and entered philosophy this fall, were recalled by their Bishop in the latter part of September to be sent to Innsbruck, Tyrol, to continue their studies.

—Father Gregory, chaplain to the Poor Clares at Evansville, was called home early in October by the serious illness of his father. His younger brother, Rev. Paul Kunkel, a deacon in the Seminary, likewise went home.

—Rev. Joseph J. Burwinkel, an alumnus of the College, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination in September. Father Burwinkel is pastor of St. Aloysius Church, Delhi, Cincinnati.

Book Notices

Readers of our Catholic papers are acquainted to some extent with the signification of the liturgical movement, which endeavors to open to the faithful the primary and indispensable source of the Christian spirit, namely, "the active participation in the most holy mysteries and in the public and solemn prayers of the Church." *The Liturgical Press*, conducted by the Benedictines of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., is fostering this movement. The first publications of the *Liturgical Press* are now on the market. "Liturgy, the Life of the Church," on the nature, meaning, and importance of the liturgy and on the purpose of the liturgical movement, forms an excellent introduction to the program of the *Liturgical Press*. Price, 35¢; paper; 94 pages. C. G.

"Offeramus" is a pocket-sized edition of the Ordinary of the Mass printed in parallel columns—Latin and English, arranged so as to be usable for choral recitation of Mass prayers, with instructions on the Mass. 82 pages. Price, 15¢; 100 copies, \$12.00. C. G.

By publishing the "History of Catholic Education in Indiana, 1702-1925," Sister M. Salesia, O. S. B., has rendered a decided service to the Catholics of Indiana. Early Catholic educators have left a noble and enviable record, which should be brought to the minds of the present generation, old and young. The record of achievements, past and present, cannot but awaken in the hearts of all Catholics a sincere love and appreciation for these early educators and their noble deeds. This excellent contribution to the history of the Catholic Church in Indiana should find a place among the textbooks of every parochial school child in the State as well as in the library, large or small, of every Catholic family. We are told of the heroic efforts of the early missionaries (1702-1834); of the untiring zeal of the saintly Bishop Bruté and of his success in establishing the first free schools within the boundary of our State—and that twenty years before the present free school system of the State was organized under the constitution of 1850; of the strenuous labors of succeeding

bishops: de la Hailandiere, Bazin, de St. Palais, Chastard, Chartrand, Luers, Dwenger, Rademacher, and Alerding. In passing, we are told that, in providing for 50,027 children in our elementary schools, Catholics saved the State, in 1924, \$2,590,386.06, exclusive of the cost of buildings and grounds. Very appropriately the brochure is dedicated to the children of our Catholic schools in the State of Indiana. Price, 50¢. The Benedictine Sisters, Ferdinand, Indiana. C. G.

"Mary Rose, Graduate," the delightful serial story for girls, the last number of which appears in this issue of *THE GRAIL*, can now be had in book form from Benziger Brothers at \$1.00, net. Postage, 10¢. This is the fourth volume in the series. Mary Mabel Wirries, the author, has succeeded admirably in placing before her readers a typical Catholic girl whose charm does not diminish as she develops naturally into young womanhood.

The Home Press, 19 Union Square, New York, has issued in pamphlet form of convenient size the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on the establishment of the Feast of Our Lord Jesus Christ as King. The Encyclical is followed by the Act of Consecration of the Human Race to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Price, single copies, 6¢; \$3.90 per 100, delivered.

Fidelis of the Cross—James Kent Stone, by Walter George Smith, A. M., LL.D. Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, and Helen Grace Smith. Price, \$5.00. P. G. Putnam's Sons, New York, Publishers.

God's ways are wonderful. Evidence of this we find in the life of Father Fidelis of the Cross. The volume is interesting from beginning to end. It reads like a fascinating story this life of a great convert, great missionary, and preacher. Much good will be effected by reading and studying this life. The book should bear the Bishop's Imprimatur. A. B.

The Morning Sacrifice, by Rev. J. E. Moffat, S. J., is an excellent sixty-four page booklet that explains briefly the various parts of the Mass in a way that should appeal to all who desire a better understanding of the Great Sacrifice. Very appropriate original illustrations, showing the priest at the altar together with the sacred scene or mystery commemorated, will greatly assist the reader's intelligence. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, publishers. Paper, 15¢; per 100, \$9.00.

Manna Almanac, published by the Salvatorian Fathers (Society of the Divine Savior), St. Nazianz, Wisconsin, is a delightful booklet of 96 pages for young folks especially. The Almanac contains edifying anecdotes, stories, sketches, poems, together with numerous illustrations. Price, 20¢.

Books Received

"Candles' Beams." By Francis J. Finn, S. J. 12mo, cloth, with frontispiece. Net, \$1.00. Postage, 10¢.

"Schooner Ahoy! Holy Cross Boys with the Cape Cod Fishing Fleet." By Irving T. McDonald, author of "Hoi-Ah!" 12mo, cloth, with frontispiece. Net, \$1.25. Postage, 10¢.

Making the Eleven at St. Michael's. By John R. Uniack. 156 pages. Cloth. Price, \$1.00. Postage 10¢. Benziger Brothers publishers.

The Catholic Tradition in English Literature. Edited by George Carver, Assistant Professor of English at the University of Pittsburgh. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y., publishers.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Hidden Gold

CHAPTER VI

CAUGHT RED-HANDED

IT WAS a long half hour to at least one of the three, Jasper, Cynthia and the doctor, who waited in the sickroom for the ambulance to call for Maud. The patient lay hot and listless, at times falling off into a doze, only to waken with a start of fear. To Jasper it seemed a century, torn as he was between thoughts of relief that Maud would soon be safe in capable hands, better than his own, and yearning at having to part so soon with his new treasure. God Almighty alone knew how the illness would turn out; he prayed that Maud's life would be spared to him, for she was his only solace. The child moved restlessly and opened her eyes.

"Where are they going to take me, Daddy Valens?" she asked.

"To St. Anthony's Hospital, dear. The kind nuns will take care of you there."

"But, Daddy Valens, I don't want to go away from you!" Big tears were forming in Maud's eyes, and soon overflowed. Jasper knelt beside her.

"Now, sweetheart, you mustn't cry. You will make your fever worse by doing that. I will come to see you every day, and the good sisters won't let you be lonely. And I am going to bring you a beautiful present tomorrow." But Maud could not be comforted.

"Just when I find someone to love me, I must go away. Oh, my poor, poor Mamma! If I only had her now!" Madame had no patience with crying children.

"Cry-baby!" she chided. "We are doing what is best for you, and you ought to be thankful. Come to think of it, Jasper, we have a nice furnished room over the garage, you know. You might move there with her and save hospital expense."

"And who will care for her?" asked Jasper. "Someone must be with her all day."

"Well, you wanted her; why not take care of her yourself?" Jasper gave his wife a reproachful look.

"Gladly would I do so, if I did not have to work. Someone must pay for her medicines." Madame shrugged her shoulders, as if it were immaterial to her; then another thought struck her.

"Say, Doctor," she said in a half whisper, seeming frightened about something, and coming close to him. "Is scarlet fever infectious to grown folks? I've never

had it, you know; do you think I could catch it, being in this room?" The doctor regarded her with a disapproving frown; the few words he had overheard had stamped her true character in his mind, and he determined to punish her a little.

"Well, you've been exposed, and there's always a chance, you know. You're liable to be down tomorrow morning with it, and then again you're not." And he coolly walked away from her and felt of his patient's pulse. Cynthia's eyes dilated with fright, and she made for the door.

"Well, for Heaven's sake, why didn't you tell me right away then?" And she opened the door and was gone; the first thing she did upon reaching her own room was to divest herself of her clothing, take a bath in lysol and water, and boil out her garments in the same solution. All the while her brow was knitted in a frown, and her teeth were gritted together in anger.

"That doctor ought really to be reported to the Board of Health!" she said aloud. She gargled her throat with an antiseptic, put some eucalyptus salve in her nose, and swallowed a small piece, determining to do this several times a day, until all danger of infection was over. She heard the ambulance bell ringing from afar, and feared lest her workwomen should learn what Maud had. They might all leave her flat, and all that unfinished work on hand! To say nothing of her customers; if they should find out! She hastened down to the workroom. The girls were already looking up and at each other in a questioning manner. They too had heard the bell.

"It's nothing, girls. Don't be frightened. It's only Maud; she became ill in school, and the doctor fears it is serious, so we are rushing her to the hospital."

"Nothing contagious, is it? There's so much scarlet fever out now," said one girl. Madame's face remained expressionless.

"No; appendicitis, I think. Isn't it too bad? I'm so sorry for the child. You know, in appendicitis cases, every moment counts, or it may be too late. The doctor would not hear of a moment's delay."

"Oh, yes, that's true. I know, my brother had it and—"

Meanwhile, Jasper was climbing into the ambulance along with Maud and the doctor. She lay holding Jasper's hand the whole way to the hospital, and even after she had been put to bed, she did not want him to leave her. He remained as long as he could, and then started

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for home, for the noon whistles were blowing, and it was time for lunch. Besides, he had promised his employer to work that afternoon, to make up for the morning's absence, and so he was obliged to hasten so as not to be late.

But when he reached home, he had no more than opened the door, but Madame leaped up from her chair and ran to the far end of the room.

"Don't come near me! You can't stay here while Maud's sick, because I know you will be going there every day to see her. You'll have to put up in the garage room until she's well. I can't afford to take any chances."

Jasper stood looking at her dumbfounded, but finally decided that she probably was right after all.

"Very well, Cynthia; I'll go right up and get my clothes and park in the garage like you say—"

"No you don't do any such thing!" cried Madame. "Just go out in the back yard, and I'll throw your things down to you. You're not to enter this house under any conditions. Quick! Go out, before you infect me!"

Jasper went, and caught his belongings in his arms, as his wife flung them down to him out of the second story window. For the next six weeks, he dwelt alone, taking his meals out, and sleeping in the cheap iron bed in the room above the garage, which had once been a chauffeur's room. Mornings, he worked, and, as Madame would not suffer him to touch a single parcel from her establishment, preferring to engage a boy as errand runner, he was free to spend his afternoons at the hospital. When the child slept, or was too ill to talk, he just sat unobtrusively in a corner, reading his paper; when she was awake, he told her stories, read to her, or watched her play with the presents he had brought. But he allowed nothing to prevent him from spending every possible moment with her.

Meanwhile, at home, Madame had secretly had Maud's room fumigated by the Health Department of the city, and nothing could induce her to enter it, until it had been aired for another two days. Then, she planned to satisfy sundry curious, scheming thoughts within her mind. Now was the time, if ever, to examine the child's effects, and Jasper's drawers and shelves, for any papers which would tell her what she desired to know, thought Madame. So she lost no time, as soon as she was able to enter Maud's room, in rummaging about in every possible corner; disappointed in not finding anything, she then turned to Jasper's belongings.

She searched all his coat pockets for the Farthingwell letter, read every paper she could lay hands on, but found nothing but several bills and unimportant letters, which she angrily flung aside in her hot impatience to secure the papers she sought for. Having looked high and low in vain, she walked restlessly about the rooms day after day, between intervals in the workroom, trying to think where Jasper might have hidden the large envelope with Maud's papers in it. That, she felt certain, would tell her all she wished to know, and when could she find a better time to read its contents undis-

turbed than now, when both Maud and Jasper were out of the house? That thought always fired her to renew her search, and she would start out anew to rummage.

Suddenly, one day, she stopped before the old mahogany secretary which stood in the hall. It was Jasper's, and the only piece of furniture he had brought with him. But he would not part with it, because it had been in his family for generations, and was something of an antique. Madame, with her passion for new and modern things, had no patience with ancient furniture, however valuable, and declared that it looked out of place in every room—did not match with the rest of the furniture, and so it was relegated to the hall, where it did duty as a receptacle for a few of Jasper's knickknacks, and a great many of Madame's bills and receipts.

Perhaps, the thought struck her, Jasper had placed the envelope in one of the many small drawers or pigeonholes. So she set herself to search. Every drawer was pulled out and its contents gone over, every pigeon-hole ransacked, but Madame found mostly her own papers—until she reached the second drawer from the top, on the extreme right side, and—it was locked!

Her eyes lit up greedily. "I'll bet it's in there!" she said aloud, while searching high and low for the key. But the key was nowhere to be found. So she pulled and tugged, hoping the lock might be weak and give way, but alas! It was as strong as on the day it was made, thanks to the expert workmanship and good material used by our ancestors. She might have forced it, had she wished to break out the carved wooden front of the drawer with some heavy tool—even a small break just large enough to release the strong tongue of steel with which the lock was provided, would be sufficient, but, after pondering this, she decided that she wished no mute evidence of her secret search, and some other means of opening the drawer must be found.

So she tried every key in the house, picked it with hairpins and buttonhooks, called in a lock smith, who tinkered with it for two hours, and then declared it could only be broken open. But that she would not hear of. The woodwork must not be marred, lest Jasper think her a dishonorable person who could not curb her curiosity. And so, as the six weeks of Maud's illness dragged along, she never gave up hopes of ultimately opening it and seeing its contents. Sometimes she felt a mute rage at Jasper for hiding the key; what right had he to hide anything from her? If he was as open as he claimed to be, why did he not leave the key right there in the desk, was her thought? Didn't he trust her? One key fitted all the locks in the desk; why did he have to hide that key for his own particular use? What if she had wished to lock up some of her papers?

These and similar unjust thoughts were constantly rankling within her mind, and with the inconsistency usual with such people, she believed herself greatly wronged. Meanwhile, Maud's malady had yielded to skilful treatment, and the period of quarantine was fast drawing to a close. Madame realized she would not have much longer in which to freely pursue her hunt,

and redoubled her efforts. Then, one day, the thought struck her that there was no need for such hurry and haste; she had eight years in which to watch and wait before the time of opening the envelope came and, surely, her chance would come some day before then. And too, perhaps, after opening and reading it, there would be no need for carrying out the determination she had in her mind. Perhaps she would be mistaken after all. So she breathed a sigh of relief, and was less feverish about it after that, although sometimes, a sharp curiosity drove her on relentlessly.

It was the last of October, and Madame had not seen or spoken with Jasper all that time. Sometimes she saw him walking through the back yard and looking up at the windows, as if in quest of her, but some unexplainable feeling of guilt always dragged her back into her room, where he could not see her. For guilty people often have a subconscious fear that others plainly see their secret sins, and must exercise strong will power to reassure themselves that no one can see their souls and the stains thereon. Of late, she noted, Jasper's face had taken on an intensely happy look, from which she deduced that Maud was on the road to recovery. She did not care for children, and was rather annoyed that the quiet of her house would soon again be disturbed by the little girl's singing, laughter, and happy conversation. She did not like to see the exact precision of her rooms marred by so much as a doll or a small sunshade, or toy furniture, or any other such "junk" as Jasper bought for her to "litter up the house with." Some of the workwomen, who knew her before her marriage, declared she would always remain "a cranky old maid," though married. Perhaps some women do remain so in their souls—God grant they may be few and far between. What will be the opinion of Him, Who said, "Let all the little children come to Me"?

The second of November came, cold and stormy and gray, threatening rain, tears of heaven for the faithful souls in purgatory, as often happens. It was early morning, and Madame, having forgotten that the day before had been All Saints, and a day of obligation, now equally forgot about the Church Suffering. Instead, her mind was deeply involved with her accounts, and her brow knitted over some very old outstanding bills, which she determined to collect as soon as ever she could send Jasper after them. If the offending ladies did not settle up at once, she was determined to refuse them further credit, even though they had been old customers.

Next, she began searching for some bills for material which had come due, and which lay in the long, shallow drawer just beneath the desk top. In shuffling the papers about, something was pushed out from between the drawer bottom and the back board, and fell to the floor. Madame looked down—it was a small key. Something like an electric shock came over her—could it be possible it was *the* key? With eager fingers she picked it up, and tremblingly fitted it into the opening of the locked drawer. Click! It was open. Feverishly she rummaged—ah, at last! The envelope she had so long sought!

Jumping up, she hastened to the kitchen; now to steam open the flap. Soon she had the kettle boiling, and was holding the envelope over the spout. So she had not hidden the key after all! She was aware of being slightly ashamed of herself for her hasty judgment of her husband, and—just then the flap, released from its glue, began slowly to curl up.

Gloating over her find, her heart aflutter, she seated herself at the kitchen table, there to pore at leisure over the contents. In her mind a dark scheme was born—she would quickly and effectively destroy—what was that? She was nervous, and every creak and noise made her jump. Not for worlds would she be caught reading those papers; she closed the flap down again and quickly slipped the envelope into the table drawer, while she looked about, out of the window and door, to see if anyone approached.

"Fool! Nervous fool! That's what you are!" she said to herself, seating herself again. "It was only the November wind." Out came the envelope again; up went the flap; out came a paper. She unfolded it—and stared at it like one paralyzed, unable to move. Another noise—somebody was approaching! Yes, it was unmistakable this time. Shall she destroy the paper or quickly put it back? In the moment of hesitation, the door opened, and in walked Jasper himself!

"Morning, Cynthy!" he cried, joyously. "Don't be afraid; everything's O. K. I'm all fumigated and everything, and Maud's coming home—" Suddenly, his eyes caught sight of the long yellow envelope which Madame tried hastily to hide behind her back, and they opened wide.

"Cynthy! My God! What have you there? Give it to me, quickly! Don't hide it, I know you have it. Give it, quickly!" He had suddenly become stern, and his jaws were set and determined in a way Madame had never seen before, and she suddenly became frightened and lost all her nerve. White to the lips, she slowly handed him the envelope with the extracted paper still in her hand. He noticed that she was trembling violently, but he would not touch the envelope or paper.

"Put the paper in, Cynthy," he commanded, still in the same quiet, cold voice. She obeyed. "You read the paper, Cynthy?" he asked. She nodded, nervelessly. "God forgive you, Cynthy," he replied, nodding his head at her. "Now go get the glue." Again she obeyed, taking the bottle from the wall cupboard. "Now paste down the flap." When she had done so, he held out his hand for it, and she placed it in his palm. "I trusted you," he continued, piercing her relentlessly with his honest grey eyes. "I didn't think it necessary to hide the key; I left it in the shallow drawer. You found it and couldn't control your curiosity. You know what happened to the first woman through curiosity, don't you? Well, I see I shall have to put it somewhere for greater safety." And saying this, he put the envelope in his inside coat pocket and left the house.

Cynthia, once alone, flung her head down on her arms on the kitchen table, and lay there, tearlessly, for the better part of an hour. "I had rather he had slapped

me in the face!" she muttered to herself, her pride smarting fiercely under the first scolding she had ever received from her amiable husband. And yet, it was not a scolding; why did she smart so, then? The very thing she had not wanted to happen, *had* happened! She had not wanted anyone to know she opened the envelope, and Jasper had caught her red-handed! From that time on he would rate her as a woman of little honor; *that* was what smarted. Her pride and self-love had been wounded. At last, someone rang the buzzer connected with the workroom; she was wanted. Flinging her head up and rising to her feet, she made a gesture of angry impatience.

"Oh blast those holy, righteous people who never do a wrong!" she muttered half aloud. "What do they know of trouble and torture and suffering?" Hastily washing her face and touching it up with cosmetic, she went to the Salon, mustering up all the dignity and coolness she possessed, and no one would have dreamed what a storm she had been through.

Jasper and Maud came home at noon in a taxicab. He had first gone to the bank, where he placed the envelope with Maud's papers in a safe deposit box which he rented for the purpose. He did it without malice or anger against his wife, simply as a precaution against further curiosity; for with him, a promise was an inviolable thing—still more so, when given to a dying person. He resolved to remove the temptation from Madame's path, nor did he permit himself to pass judgment on her conduct, which was what she feared most.

From the bank, he rode straight to the hospital, where Maud awaited him, radiantly happy that she was to be released at last from her prison, and scarcely able to wait until all necessary formalities had been gone through. At last, however, she was bidding good-bye to the doctor, and the kind sisters who had been her faithful nurses during the tedious hours of suffering, delirium and convalescence, and once again she was out in the free air, albeit it was a sharp November morning, with no happy sunshine to greet her. But that mattered little to the child, whose heart was fairly bursting with sunshine and joy, and the thought that she was going home.

Jasper had ordered the taxi so that Maud might be exposed as little as possible to the cold atmosphere, and it took but fifteen minutes for them to reach there. As they entered, Jasper's face was suffused with smiles, and he seemed entirely to have forgotten the episode of the early morning. Madame was superintending the making of some pies by Lydia Jackson, the negro woman who came in every day to set the house to rights, and who was also an expert cook. Cynthia heard the outer door close, and came in to see who it was. The moment Maud spied her, she leaped forward, and with a cry of joy, embraced her and kissed her full upon the lips.

"Oh, Madame dear!" cried the happy child, "I'm so glad to be back home with you and Daddy Valens! Oh, it's just wonderful to be at home again!" Madame, taken aback by the boisterous greeting, smiled, and then remembered herself.

"Oh child! You should not have touched me so soon! You will infect me!" was her greeting.

(To be continued)

The Care of Mirrors

Since mirrors have come to form a very important part in our present day room decoration, many people possess very fine ones, which should be given the best of care in order to preserve them at their best. Never use harsh, scratchy cleaners on mirror surfaces; some of the manufacturers claim that their products absolutely will not mar any glass surface, and yet, use these cleaners repeatedly, and then look along the glass surface in the sun, and you will find hundreds of fine scratches all over. In time, if such cleaners are used constantly on mirrors, their surface will be dimmed, and nothing can reclaim them.

A mirror that is merely dusty, requires but a sponge and chamois skin wash to make it glitter, while, if it is smoky from winter fires, and the chamois refuses to make it bright, because there is grease in smoke, a mild soap and water bath, with thorough rinsing, and finishing with the chamois will do the work perfectly. However, experts in such matters recommend rubbing mirror surfaces with powdered whiting mixed to a paste with alcohol, allowed to dry on, and then polishing with a clean, soft cloth. This method is said to remove dust, grease, flyspecks or any other grime.

Many of these mirrors have costly gilt frames, which require care and attention if they are to remain a thing of beauty. Sometimes, from many handlings, a frame may become chipped in some part. To repair, obtain plaster of Paris, wet a little with water to form a dough, and apply, shaping quickly with the fingers. When dry and hard, touch up with gilt. If plaster of Paris cannot be had, flour dough will answer. Make very stiff, and wet the chipped place before applying. Flour mixed with white of egg is still better.

Gilt frames can be cleaned perfectly by dipping a small brush in alcohol and painting a small part of the frame at a time. Wipe quickly before dry, with soft silk cloths, and the dirt will come along. If mirrors are scratched at the back, touch up with silver paint, or paste a piece of silver foil over it, smoothing carefully, and the scratch will scarcely be detected.

Home Nursing

The home mother has many fields in which she is called to bestow her labors; in fact, mother must of necessity be a sort of handy, all-round man, versed in all arts, from cooking, scrubbing and sewing, to nursing the sick, fixing Bobby's broken wagon, painting the kitchen chairs, and whatnot. Often she is confronted with the anxious task of curing a string of boils, or a carbuncle or two, or an infected foot or finger.

Most of us go to the doctor immediately when such distressing things make their appearance, but sometimes one may be placed in localities where doctors aren't just around the corner, and a knowledge of how

to treat these visitors becomes invaluable. In the first place, it is well to know that boils and carbuncles come from a disordered, or weakened, condition of the blood. The person afflicted with them has been eating things he shouldn't have, or he is not nourished properly, so that the blood has not the power to throw off the poisons of the system, and they gather up into a small, painful hill, protruding from some portion of the surface of the body. Sometimes, says a noted doctor, boils may be arrested when first noticed, by a careful application of pure carbolic acid. But if it resists the acid, and continues developing, the best thing is, to place upon it, several times a day, applications of hot water, in which some disinfectant has been mixed, such as lysol, carbolic acid, etc., then covering it thickly with zinc salve, which draws, and bandaging it up.

Some have obtained relief by applying hot chamomile tea, which is an excellent remedy, mixed with a little disinfectant, several times daily. Then bandaging with zinc salve. The most important thing is, to keep the part clean and disinfected, and then there is no possible danger of infection. After the boil has broken open, (or has been opened with a sterilized needle, one that has been dipped in disinfectant) the hot applications should be continued, the poisonous matter drained out as completely as possible, and then bandaged up each time with zinc salve. Never touch the wound with anything that has not been disinfected first. Hands should be washed in antiseptic, only clean sterilized cloths used for bandages, and no sort of instrument used for incision unless dipped first in disinfectant. If all these precautions are duly observed, there is little or no danger of infection.

In the case of an infected cut, scratch, or insect bite, the same method as above described is safe to follow. The best thing to do at once, is, to touch the wound or open boil with pure disinfectant first; this destroys any germs that may be present, and promotes quick healing. Lysol is a mild but powerful disinfectant, and all wounds are made perfectly safe with its use. It may be obtained in bulk or in special labeled bottles.

When boils appear, it is time to look to the diet. Too many candies, pies, pastries, or cakes bring them on, or impoverished blood. Yeast, taken daily for awhile, is said to counteract them, and above all, use plenty of milk! Milk for breakfast, dinner, and supper, for milk is the great poison antidote! Besides, it provides lime for your teeth, and builds up the body.

Keeping Sweet

Our facial habits are usually an index to our inner man; if we frown a great deal, wrinkles form on the forehead; if we smile often, small wrinkles called "sun rays" form about the eyes, and are aptly so-called; if we pout or are sulky most of the time, our mouths will show it in time, and all the facial muscles sag and keep in tune with the mood. While, if we control our feelings, and never allow ugly moods to monopolize our faces, the reward will be a face set in pleasant lines, wrinkled perhaps in later years, but not unpleasantly so.

"That's all very well for those who never have any trouble," says someone. Well, who is that? Is there anyone living who never has any trouble? Hardly, except that some refuse to be downed by trouble, while others lie down and give up, spending their days in moaning and lamenting. It is far better for our own health to refuse to "give in" to troubles; ignore them as much as possible—seek to forget them by interesting ourselves in something absorbing and mind-entertaining. Do we not all admire the man who, when things were falling about his ears, and ruin stared him in the face, deliberately arose from the debris, looked about and said, "Oh well, I still have God and my health, and the sky and the sun are all mine to look at and sit in—and the world is still as full as ever of opportunities. We'll start over and try again."

Another way to keep sweet is to overlook the faults of those about us. To allow oneself to say sharp things to, or about, people, is to plunge a poisoned dart in our own hearts; for hate is nothing less than poison, and to look about and pick out only the ugly things we see about us, is to imbibe hate as a plant's roots take water, and the result will be a soured disposition, and a bitter outlook on the world.

The sugar of charity is a much sweeter potion, lubricating hearts and minds, as it were, like oil, in their intercourse with the world, making it a brighter, better place to live in for all concerned.

How to Remove Various Stains

Paste this on cardboard and hang up in the laundry.

Sticky fly paper:—Rub stain with kerosene or turpentine.

Fruit stains:—Pour boiling water from kettle onto stain held stretched over bowl. If any remains after repeating treatment, finish with lemon juice and bleach in the sun.

Glue stains:—Sponge with warm water, or soak in vinegar.

Grass stains:—Rub with alcohol before laundering.

Indelible pencil marks:—Use alcohol first, and then launder.

Ink stains:—Soak in milk, canned or bottled, or rub on butter.

Iodine stains:—Use alcohol or ammonia, pure. Or boil stain in cooked starch. Then launder as usual.

Iron rust:—Lemon juice and salt, and bleach in the sun. Repeat if necessary. Or boil in a little water with a slice of pineapple or pulp of grapefruit.

Mold and mildew:—Soak in sour milk or lemon juice and bleach in sun.

Paint and varnish stains:—Turpentine, or turpentine and ammonia. If paint smells like gasoline, use gasoline; if it contains alcohol, alcohol will remove the stain.

Candle grease or paraffin:—Hot iron and blotting paper; if trace remains, rub with a little ether or benzol.

Resin stain:—Use alcohol, turpentine, benzol, gasoline, kerosene, or ether.

Seorch stain:—Expose to sunlight; or wet with water and bleach, or with paste of starch and water, and bleach in sun.

Tar, creosote or asphalt:—First try kerosene; or lard, turpentine, or benzol.

Tomato stains:—Lemon juice and sunlight; or alcohol.

Tumeric (used in prepared mustard):—Ammonia or alcohol.

Recipes

PORK SAUSAGE WITH POTATOES: Take large bake pan and grease it; then, skin sausage and lay each link separately in pan, leaving spaces between. Peel several potatoes, halve them and lay between sausages; dust each potato with salt and pepper, and lay a slice of tomato on top of each. Pour a cup of water in pan, adding a dash or two of catsup or Worcestershire sauce, and bake until potatoes are tender. Apples may be baked at the same time in separate pan on upper shelf of oven, and are delicious sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, with a dot of butter on each. Serve with the potatoes and sausages.

HAMBURGER PIE: Another quick dinner is the following: Make pie paste of nine tablespoons flour and three of lard, rubbed thoroughly with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Add water, roll out and line pie pan. Then fill with ground beef which has been mixed with salt, pepper, minced onion, minced celery leaves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground nutmeg, 1 slice soaked white bread, 1 egg. Top with small pieces of bacon, put on top crust and bake fifteen to twenty minutes in not too quick oven.

Don't be Mad at Mother

Don't be mad at mother

When her patience seems to break

'Neath the thousand little duties

That she does for childhood's sake;

If she scolds a bit when worried,

If her temper seems to slip;

Her brow may wear a wrinkle

But a smile is on her lip.

Don't be mad at mother

If she seems a little cross:

It's a privilege she possesses

As the manager and boss;

And perhaps beneath her worry—

And her temper stern and ill—

She's the same old lovely mother

With a heart that loves you still.

Don't get mad at mother

When the cares and worries seem

To fret and arouse her—

Maybe mother has her dream,

And it fades as yours does often,

And her many plans go wrong—

And she can't be always smiling,

Nor forever hum a song.

—Baltimore Sun.

Household Hints

If shoes cause blisters on heels, paste a piece of suede or velvet on the inside to keep them from slipping up and down.

Sew strips of leather on the inside of trouser cuffs to prevent their wearing out before the rest of the garment.

Strong yellow soaps harden woollens; white soaps which lather easily prove themselves the best.

A can of coke in the refrigerator will remove odors, and a pan of lime in the cellar removes dampness.

Moisture of the feet rots silk hose; wash your expensive stockings after each wearing to preserve them.

If you prick your finger while sewing, peroxide rubbed on with a white cloth will take out the bloodstains.

While testing the boiled frosting, set the pan on the side of the stove or it may boil just a moment too long and spoil everything.

How to Order Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly. (Unless your order specifies number of pattern and size desired, your order will receive no attention.)

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No. 2849—Cont Frock. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

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No. 2847—The Vogue of Shirring. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2846—Graceful Silhouette. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2845—Creme Roma and Metal Embroidery. The pattern cuts in sizes 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2866—Girls' and Misses' Apron. The pattern cuts in sizes medium and large. The large size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

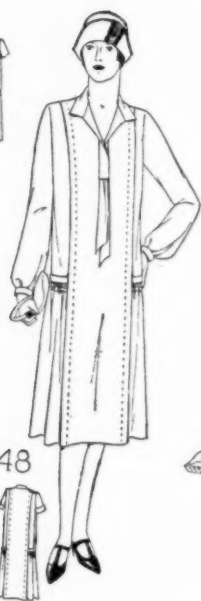
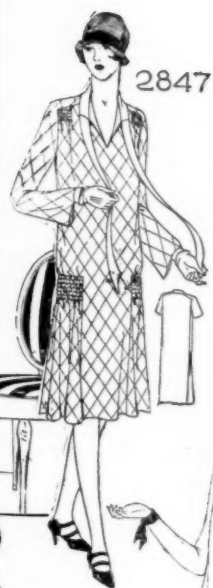
No. 2861—Practical Design. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2858—Afternoon Frock. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material with $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of ribbon.

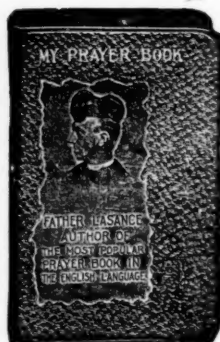
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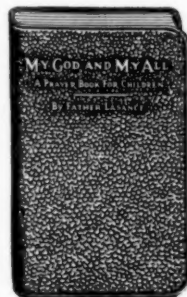
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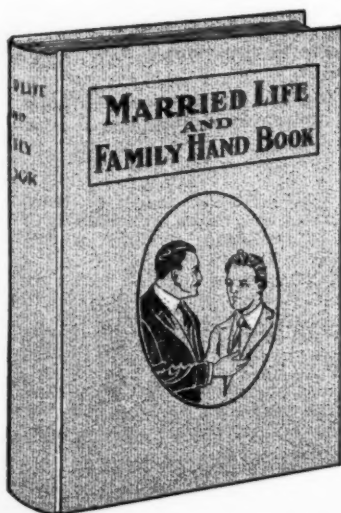
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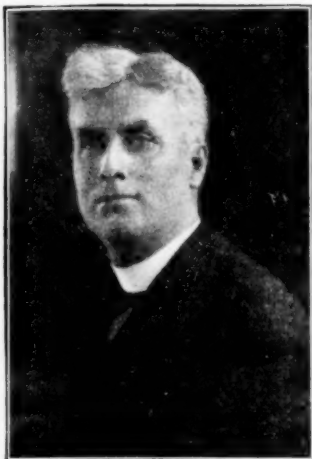
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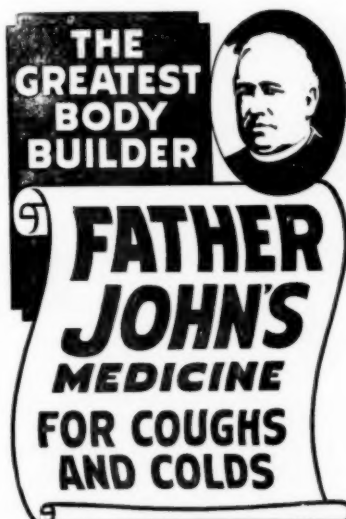
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